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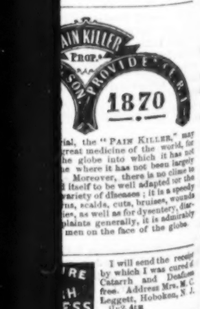

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Editorial.

CROP PROSPECTS.

We have received from the Department of Agriculture at Washington a statement in relation to the condition of crops in July as made up from the exter sive correspondence of the department from all portions of the country.

The statement contains many interesting facts and figures concerning the grain crops, and we have prepared a brief summary of them for the benefit of our readers. Of wheat there appears to be a falling off in production from various causes.

"The great wheat growing districts all show a reduction in condition, rendering it certain that the crop of the year will be materially less than that of 1869. Future reports of the condition at and after harvesting are still elements of the ultimate estimate, but the average depreciation of thirteen per cent., and the diminution in breadth of about six per cent., would make the present estimate about 210,000,000 bushels, the decrease being at least 48,000,000."

The increase in the breadth of land devoted to corn is greater than the decrease in average of wheat, the commissioner placing it at five per cent., or about 1,750,000 acres.

"*In condition this crop is above an average in almost every western State.* Nebraska is a decided exception. The New England and the Middle States present very uniform returns, full of high promise for this crop. In some cases, as in Columbia and Orleans, New York, the prospect is better than in several years. In the Carolinas wet weather has affected the appearance of corn, and prevented its cultivation and the destruction of grass and weeds. In the other cotton States the crop is vigorous, of good color, and fine promise. In parts of Alabama it is less advanced than usual."

In oats the crop is looking better than would be expected in view of the heat and drought of the season; the product, however, will probably fall a little below a full average.

"The prospect for apples is unusually good from Maine to Georgia, except in Pennsylvania and Maryland; and Tennessee is the only interior State which can claim an average. In Pennsylvania much complaint is made of premature falling from the trees.

Peaches are somewhat less abundant than apples. The prospect in New Jersey is returned at two per cent., above an average. Delaware will not have a full yield. Kent County reports but half a crop. Illinois is placed at five per cent., below an average, and Michigan at ten. Peaches and other fruits were destroyed by frost in March throughout the Gulf States. Grapes generally promise remarkably well. A full average is indicated in California, Missouri, and Ohio, and very few States make unfavorable returns.

The apple and peach crops are greatly infested by insects in the Middle States.

CARE OF MOULTING FOWLS.

At this season the fowls are passing through that semi-disease, moulting. With young birds the process is easy and the time occupied is not great; but with fowls that have passed beyond the second season, the labor of renewing the plumage is protracted and exhausting. Much assistance may be rendered by the poulterer in varying the diet of the birds, and in giving tonics, &c. Pieces of meat and fish should be thrown to them often and lime and pepper mixed in their food. An abundance of grass or other vegetables should also be given them, and a half teaspoonful of sulphate of iron in solution to every gallon of fresh water in their drinking vessels. These simple attentions will be amply repaid by an increased vigor and healthy appearance in the fowls and an earlier recurrence of their laying propensities.

REMEDY FOR POTATO ROT.

In an essay on potato culture, Dr. H. Compton considers the potato rot at considerable length. Having found that dry rot was remedied by an application of sulphuric acid, it occurred to him that it might also destroy the fruit mildew. An application of plaster, which is composed of lime and sulphuric acid, was made with the happiest results. On the potato mildew the application was found equally efficacious as a preventive, and if timely applied after the mildew appears, as a cure also. The writer adds:

The vines should be watched closely, and on the first appearance of the disease plaster should be applied; not merely sowing it broadcast, but dashing it over under the vines, bringing it in contact with the stalks, using a handful to three or four hills. Plaster for this purpose should be very dry and powdery, and should be applied when the air is still. One application is seldom sufficient; it should be renewed as often as circumstances require. Examine the vines about three days after a cold night, or about the same length of time after a heavy rain. If the leaves begin to curl and wither, apply plaster at once, and, in short, whenever the vines show any signs of drooping; be the causes bites of insects, excessive humidity of the atmosphere, or sudden change of temperature, drooping from any cause whatever indicates the approach of mildew, which should be promptly met with an application of plaster.

As before stated, plaster the vines as soon as they are up, again after that last ploughing and hoeing; after that, one, two or three times, as circumstances indicate. By this method the vines are kept of a bright, lively green, and the tubers are kept swelling until growth is stopped by frost. Another point gained is, potatoes so grown are so sound and free from disease as to be easily kept for spring market, without loss by rot.—*Utica Herald.*

UP IN BERKSHIRE

We seated ourselves in one of the cars of the Boston and Albany Railroad, on Wednesday of last week, and at an early hour of the afternoon reached the delightful inland valley town of Pittsfield. Thence by rail again to Lee, where we were met by Alexander Hyde, Esq., one of our most esteemed and valuable friends and contributors, and an enthusiast on the ever agreeable subject of farming. His well ordered and pleasant homestead opened to us untold enjoyments, expressing comfort, taste, refinement, and the substantial New England living. He lives on ancestral acres. His father, Rev. Alvan Hyde, DD., was the Congregational minister of Lee for forty years, and his farm of fifty acres, to which an addition of sixty was afterwards made, became the inheritance of his son, who now, however, cultivates but a portion. Thirty acres are all that surround the beautifully situated house, all of which is swept by a roll of the eye from the door; but they are acres well worth going to see.

Mr. Hyde raises apples to the extent of a thousand barrels. His main crop is hay, which he has to sell. His stock is excellent. Ice is a regular product, too, with him.

Lee and the neighboring towns abound in fine estates. One is occupied by R. Goodman, Esq., of Lenox, a New York lawyer once, whose choice herd of shorthorns, and model tillage, provoke praise from all. We joined the Committee on Premium Farms in Berkshire, *Alexander Hyde* of Lee, *Henry M. Pierson* of Pittsfield, and *D. T. Farnum* of South Adams, and went over the county in their company for their examination. The pleasant homes we saw, the superior farms, the thorough and progressive system of agriculture, the thrift and intelligent content, and the proofs of a living progress on every hand, made an experience too distinct to be soon forgotten. Thorough culture is the rule in Berkshire. It shows in the farm, the beast and the owner. The canker worm and caterpillar do not infest the orchards. The fields are evenly tilled, showing the master's eye and hand. The young men stay at home, instead of emigrating to thousand acre farms in the West and on the Pacific. Home is held the dearest spot on earth, and all labor and cost and thought centre there. We have but recently seen the monster farms of California, and by contrast these small farms of our own Berkshire, so snug, so full of variety in product and scenery, looked attractive beyond description. The dairy and the orchard are their strong points. Cheese factories are multiplying there, which [illegible] now conducted in Berkshire.

In future issues of the *Ploughman* we shall present the account of the Premium Committee's investigations. We design only to call attention to it here, and to dwell on the character of the country which has recently furnished us with so much pleasure.

In passing up and down famous Berkshire, now become classic in its associations, its ranges of hills and its single mountains left abiding impressions on our mind. We drove up the Taghconic and down the Hoosic ranges, passing through delightful Williamstown, and enjoying a delicious bath in famous "Sand Springs," a mile distant, where a new hotel—"Greylock Hall"—has been erected, and is managed successfully by A. A. Jones Esq., its proprietor. It is a place well worth visiting, the Springs being a natural curative for diseased blood and cutaneous affections. The surroundings are magnificent. Old "Greylock" looms up majestically in the distance, and two mountain ranges are boundaries for the horizon. Thence to North Adams is a lovely ride, where the "Wilson House" offers every desired attraction to the comer. Lenox, Lee, Cheshire, Williamstown, Pittsfield and Adams, and the other charming towns of old Berkshire,—they are not to be named save with enthusiasm.

We viewed the whole map of that picturesque country, traversing it from end to end; and we can truly say, that farming among such a population is almost an ideal pursuit. It can be made such everywhere else, and we hope ere many years to behold our agricultural social system the perfection of that pure, sweet and exalted living which it is capable of being made. We observe that quite as much depends upon the men as upon the land. Each can effectually bring up the other.

Farmers' Omnibus.

— Col. Waring, in the June number of the *American Agriculturist*, says in No. 6 of the Ogden Farm Papers:—"Very often visitors to Ogden Farm, when they see its narrow boundaries, point to the uncultivated land adjoining it and say:—' It is a pity you can't buy 100 or 200 acres of that land and make your farm up to a good size.' I usually tell them that is what I wish to avoid. Before I get through, I hope to treble the quantity of the land; but I hope to do it by fishing out the next two farms that lie immediately under this one. If I can make the soil three times as deep or three times as rich or by any means three times as productive as it now is, I shall have virtually added 120 acres to the farm; and I shall have the further advantage that the new land will be no farther from the barn, than what I now cultivate, and that one ploughing will answer for all three tracts."

— A writer in the Journal of the Royal agricultural Society, describing the permanence of the action of lime, says that he knows a piece of ground containing one hundred and sixty-six acres, which formerly grew nothing but heath. A good dressing of lime was applied on the surface of the sward which has nearly doubled its value. This was done several years ago and totally eradicated the health. The lime to this day appears in full action, as its effects annually testify from the richness and sweetness of the herbage, the texture of which has been entirely changed by the application of lime.

— The *Iowa Homestead* says there are 80,000 acres of land within ten miles of Des Moines, much of it lying near railroads, and for sale at from $12 to $15 per acre. It thinks it possible for a farmer to make himself comfortable for life in ten years on any forty acres of land he can buy within that distance of the city.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"OUR WEEDS."

NUMBER II.

BY J. A. ALLEN.

In accordance with the plan indicated in the first number of this series, we proceed now to a brief account of the different species of troublesome plants commonly regarded as *weeds*. To the uncultivated rustic, all plants that cannot be turned to some pecuniary account are usually designated as weeds, which rather equivocal term is often applied by farmers generally to designate all herbaceous plants that are not cultivated either for use or for ornament. As stated in our introductory article, it is proposed to treat in these sketches mainly of such as are actually injurious to the farmer, but in passing it may prove interesting to glance at such of their near relatives as from their commonness in our fields and lanes, the waste places about the farmyard and the roadsides and their intrusive habits, are to be regarded as truly weeds. In accordance with our plan, we begin with

The Crowfoots—(*Ranunculacee.*)

The so called *Crowfoot Family*, though only one of the smaller families of our native plants, is represented in the northern States alone by upwards of fifty species. They are nearly all truly herbaceous, a few only being woody climbers. A large proportion of them flower early in the season, and are well known as familiar inhabitants of the pastures, the open woodlands and the unreclaimed meadows. A few of them are conspicuous for their large size, and the majority of them are rather coarse plants; a few of them, however, are delicate and attractive. Among the latter are the early flowering Anemones, the Goldthread, the Hepatica and smaller Saxifrages. Familiar forms of the others are Columbines, the Cowslips, (*Caltha palustris L.*), the Cohosh (*Actæa specata L.*), the Virgin's Bower, and the Meadow Rue (*Thalictrum Cornuti L.*) Of cultivated flowers it affords, among others, the Larkspurs and the Pæonies.

In a family replete with such plants as those above named, we should hardly expect to meet with many that would be troublesome to the agriculturist, and such is in fact the case. The single genus *Ranunculus* affords the only species that are so, and these only to a slight degree. One of these is the familiar Buttercup (*R. aris L.*), whose bright golden flowers so thoroughly adorn our meadows in June, that it may be fairly questioned whether, except in rare instances, its presence is not rather desirable than otherwise. [illegible] common throughout New England and New York, and is as characteristic of old pastures and worn out mowing lands, as is the daisy; but it is far less difficult to eradicate. Few single species, either native or exotic, to so great an extent impresses their character on our landscape, transforming some of our meadows into "golden fields" through the abundance of its yellow flowers. From a perennial it spreads solely by its seeds, and seems in no danger of proving a very troublesome pest. Though useless as food for cattle when in a fresh state, owing to its acrid juice, it is said not to be refused by them when dry, and to be, even when abundant, by no means detrimental to the quality of the hay.

The Bulbous Crowfoot (*R. Culbasa*) greatly resembles the common buttercup above described, to which it is closely allied in general appearance and habits. It is, however, smaller and has a more bulbous root. In some localities it is more common than the ordinary buttercup, and is regarded as an unwelcome intruder. It is said, however, to be rare in the interior, though as common in the maritime parts of New England as the other. This species, like the preceding, produces double flowers under cultivation, forming the Double Buttercups of the gardens.

The Field Larkspur of Europe (*Delphinium consolida L.*) has obtained a foothold in Pennsylvania and Virginia, when, according to Dr. Gray, it has escaped from the wheat fields to the roadsides, in which latter situations it occurs sparingly further north. Our common garden Larkspurs are not unfrequently seen half naturalized in similar situations, but though vigorous plants they are not likely to become obnoxious, since where removed from the fostering care of the gardener they are soon overrun and crowded out by their hardy and more aggressive neighbors.

Passing by the Magnolia, the Custard apple and the Moonseed families—the two former sparingly represented in our flora by a few interesting and well known shrubs and trees, and the latter by a few woody climbers, confined to the moist woodlands.

The next intruder we meet with is the common Barberry (*Barberis vulgaris L.*) Though this European shrub is hardly to be included in the list of "weeds," it has the intrusive habits of these plants, and demands a passing notice. It is frequently seen in cultivation as an ornamental shrub, its rather pretty foliage, drooping racemes of yellow flowers and scarlet oblong berries rendering it by no means unattractive. To the botanist it presents interesting features in its irritable stamens and curiously formed anthers, which discharge their pollen through a trap-door at the top, instead of through a longitudinal slit, as in most plants, and in the transition from true leaves to spines seen frequently in the younger shoots. It was doubtless introduced to this country partly for its fruit, which in autumn is seen in large quantities in our markets. It has become however, thoroughly naturalized in the rocky pastures and roadsides of New England especially near the sea coast, where it often forms dense and almost impenetrable thickets. From its tendency to spread and monopolize the ground, it is a difficult shrub to eradicate, and though possessing some redeeming qualities, it has already become exceedingly troublesome in some localities, and threatens to become eventually as troublesome as any of the true weeds. It seems, however, to spread but slowly westward, and in Massachusetts is rarely seen west of Worcester county, except in cultivation.

Passing again the Nelumbo, Watershield, Water Lily and Pitcher plant families, respectively represented with us either by a few or by a single species each, all of which are more or less thoroughly aquatic, we meet the next plants that may be considered as weeds in

The Poppy Family.—(*Papaveracea.*)

This small family presents but two or three really intrusive species, neither of which is as yet very troublesome in the northern States. The first is the common Poppy of the gardens (*Papaver somniferum L.*), which is here and there seen in yards and roadsides and more rarely in the fields. It is said to be common in the European grain fields, and a recent writer has remarked that we, in America, with our abundant harvests of wheat, could "well afford to pay, now and then, a loaf of bread for the cheerful radiance of this brilliant flower"—a sentiment to which the experience of the European farmer would probably hardly allow him to subscribe. However common it may yet become under more favorable circumstances, there is no great reason to fear its unduly spreading in our New England fields.

The bristly "Corn Poppy" (*P. dubium L.*) is also said to have appeared in the fields of southeastern Pennsylvania and the country to the southward, where it threatens to become a troublesome weed.

The Mexican Prickly Poppy (*Argemone Mexicana L.*), said to be a native of Mexico, is a tropical and sub-tropical species, that can, fortunately, hardly bear our northern climate, though apparently partially naturalized in the Middle States. In many portions of the southern States it is abundant, as it is almost everywhere in the West Indies and tropical America generally. It is even said to have spread to southern Europe, Asia, Africa and the South Sea Islands. It is a coarse plant growing to the height of one and a half to two feet. Its general habits and its prickly sinuate leaves and armed seed capsules, recall the coarse thistles of our pastures, and its thick, red, milky juice, which flows abundantly from any bruised portion of the plant does not in the least improve its unprepossessing appearance. In the Brazils the traveller meets with it everywhere, it occupying in abundance the abandoned fields, the waste places about the towns and the alluvial river banks.

The Celandine (*Chelidonium majus L.*) completes the list of the weeds of the poppy family. It is frequently seen in waste grounds near buildings, especially in moist, rich situations, and doubtless mainly owes its presence here to its introduction from Europe as a medicinal herb, it being held formerly in high repute as a remedy for the jaundice. It is a rather coarse, perennial, branching herb, growing to the height of [illegible] inches long. Its stems are very brittle, and when broken they profusely exude a saffron-colored, strong smelling, acid juice. It rarely encroaches upon cultivated lands, but about fences and waste corners, near buildings it is often a persistent and unwelcome guest.

Questions & Answers.

BLACKBERRY WINE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please inform me through the *Ploughman* how to make blackberry wine? first how to get the juice out of the berries? how much sugar it will take to the gallon; also what grade of sugar?

A CONSTANT READER.

Danbury, N. H., July 4, 1870.

We copy the following recipe from the Massachusetts Agricultural Report for 1868-69, second part, p. 155.

Gather ripe blackberries, and immediately crush them and press out the juice or strain it off through a cloth. As blackberries contain comparatively little acid, no water should be added. To every gallon of pure juice add three pounds and a half of the best refined sugar, and put the mixture in jugs or jars, filling them completely full. Place them in a proper temperature for fermentation. After a couple of weeks pour off the clear liquid, cleanse the jugs and return it, adding to each gallon one pint of the best French brandy, or bourbon whiskey.—[ED.

PAINT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I think I have some time noticed in my paper, (the *Ploughman*) a recipe for making some kind of paint. But the paper containing this recipe is lost, and I would like to be once more informed how this paint is made. I think it consisted of lime and water with some other ingredients which I have forgotten. I have an out building which has been built two years, and has not been painted, the clapboards are of spruce, and were put on without being painted, they are beginning to warp and start from the boarding; to paint it with lead oil would be attended with considerable expense, if some cheaper paint could be substituted, which would answer nearly as well, I would be glad to be informed what it is and how to make it.

Truly yours, A SUBSCRIBER.

Boxford, July 10, 1870.

We have not the recipe mentioned by our correspondent by us. A. B. Johnson, No. 104 Water street, is the agent for this paint in New England, and a letter to him will secure the desired information.—ED.

MAKING PICKLES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you or some one of your correspondents inform me in regard to the best manner of making and preserving pickles by the quantity, both in barrels and bottles?

I have seen it stated that onion seed sown thick in August on rich land would grow to a size right for sets the next year.

I would like information in regard to this subject from one who has grown them, as regards the variety generally grown; also in regard to how they are kept over winter. H.

Abington, July 7, 1870.

Will some of our readers who have had practical experience in these matters reply to our correspondent.—[Ed.

— Horse stables should be properly ventilated and lighted. Make small windows in front of the horse so that he can thrust out his nose and get pure air.

— The *Xenia Gazette* says that within the six months previous to the great sale of the "Oakland Herd," Mr. McMillan had sold of that celebrated family of shorthorns, about $20,000 worth at private sale.

— The *Country Gentleman* contains a letter from an Oswego (N. Y.,) correspondent from which it appears that cows in that section have died this season at an astonishing rate, from some unknown cause.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"A HORSE DAIRY."

NUMBER IV.

BY PHILIP ANNIKER.

While the horses are out, I cut of fodder, oats, and Hungarian grass (mixing them as thoroughly as I can in passing them through the machine) about fifty pounds. The cutter stands over a scuttle, through which the fodder falls into a rack over the feed trough. Now, descending to the stable, I separately moisten for each horse about six pounds of the cut fodder, add two quarts of "cob meal," and two quarts of shorts—mix thoroughly and carry on a large shovel to the respective mangers. I know there are many opinions as to the economy and propriety of feeding clear and cob meal. I think it a question of slight importance. It is the custom in this neighborhood to grind cob and all; my horses eat the meal heartily and continue healthy and thrifty under its use. On the other hand considerable experience and careful observation have satisfied me that it is not only conducive to the horses' health, but also that a material saving is effected by the practice of cutting and moistening their feed. By this mode of feeding too, horses are induced to eat with avidity several kinds of fodder (oat stover for instance,) which, in a dry state, they would absolutely reject, or at best only daintily and wastefully pick over—and the provender so consumed will benefit them more than an equal amount of hay of a much higher marketable value. They also eat their allowance of hay with much greater relish, and with less inclination to waste it, than they would if it formed the whole of their diet. I am so convinced of the economy and sanitary advantage of cut feed, that I should use more of it, but for the dread of provoking the stamping and fretting I have before alluded to. By cutting, mixing, and placing it in the mangers while the horses are out, I not only avoid this annoyance, but insure their prompt and cheerful return to their stalls in anticipation of the appetising repast which they know from experience awaits them. While I am preparing and distributing the feed, Dave strews about two quarts of shelled corn over the manure, cleans out the stalls, returning the clean litter and throwing the soiled on the droppings, which he then puts through the scuttles into the cellar. Here the pigs root it over and over, keeping it from heating, breaking the fibre of the litter, and mixing all very intimately with the seasoned mud, of which I put in three or four loads weekly.

In fine weather, if not too cold, I often [illegible] as soon as we have got the feed in the mangers and the stable put to rights.

Where horses have plenty of room, I think they are more liable to be injured by slipping than by the kicks they exchange so freely. I have always kept them well sharpened all round, and have not hitherto had any accident. Still I am far from insensible to danger, and therefore vary the times of their return to the stable in order to prevent as far as possible their besieging the stable door, as they would if they knew exactly when they would be admitted. In very bad or very cold weather, however, they seldom leave the yard; but immediately after drinking congregate around the door, to my horror and Davy's intense delight.

A sharp squeal and simultaneous rip rap, tells of offended modesty and prompt requital of insults; while a peculiar rush of feet, followed by a roar of pain and powerless rage, indicated that Bucky has made a drive at little Bruno, and is being called to account for it by the Colonel.

Colonel by the way, scorns to turn his back on a foe even to deliver a kick; but he has an irresistible way of grasping his opponent by the top of the neck, which disarms hostility, and is productive of respect if not of affection.

The music of our invisible choir affects Dave and me in widely different ways. At each fresh outburst Dave cries "Go it!" in ecstatic enjoyment, while I am so nervous that in carrying round the feed I spill a part of each shovelful, and at every thud I start as if I had received a blow myself.

When at last all is ready, I open the doors and in bolts Di, who makes straight to her den at the far end; then Maud dives into her stall next the door. Bucky follows, and Dony, who is far too well bred to jostle or crowd, walks with a dignified and parliamentary air to his place in the house.

Oh Dony! You exaggerated Chesterfield! You refrigerated Pelham! You hyper Brummel! Can't you realize that this is holiday time and try to enjoy yourself like an unregenerate horse?

At the other door Fanny dashes in to escape her tormenter; then comes Bruno, then Ralph, and last of all Colonel puts his head in at the door with a view to a skirmish with Fanny. I call to him to come in, he shakes his head. I go towards him, he retreats and challenges me to a frolic in the yard. If I go out he will take off my hat or mumble my hand lovingly in his mouth; but otherwise offers no opposition to my catching and leading him in. Objecting to the waste of time which this involves, and with a view to correct his frivolity I often shut the stable door and leave Colonel to amuse himself by carrying round the clothes props till I have tied up all the other horses. When I open the door he still declines to walk into his stall; so being in a hurry, I have to compromise by standing on the door-step. Colonel advances and lowers his head. I put my hand on his crest. He takes me by the coat button and I lead him, or he leads me into his stall. Even with his favorite food before him he will not touch a mouthful, so long as he can enjoy the privilege of taking off and putting on my hat, taking my ear in his lips, or munching my hand; and even as I leave him he turns and snaps at his own sides (his way of throwing kisses) till I am fairly out of sight. Putting up the chains, I then leave my friends to the quiet enjoyment of their meal, and the "*dolce far niente*," to which their exercise and variety of fare doubtless add an agreeable zest. In the course of the afternoon we are frequently in and out of the stable to harness and unharness old "Ned," and to cut, mix, and serve his feed; (but except the Colonel who is always on the look out for a caress) our city guests take no more notice of this than their owners would of things to which they are accustomed, and which they know in no way concerns them.

My next official visit is at eight o'clock. Lighting my lantern and chirruping to Dan, but declining the assistance of Dave, I start for my last visit to the stable. Debby looks up from her work and cautions me "not to stay too long worshipping"—a piece of impertinence which I promise to remember, and in due time to repay. A general murmur of welcome greets me as I open the door. Running up stairs I hang up my lantern, and as quickly as I can drop into each rack about five pounds of best English hay. I then throw down about fifty pounds of meadow hay. A little of this—say two pounds—I spread in each stall, and the remainder, or four pounds each I tuck under the manger. If I give them their racks full of good hay, they are liable to waste a portion; while if they get hungry they are apt to be restless too—so I give them as much good hay as I think they will eat clean, and towards morning they amuse themselves with picking over the meadow hay, and what they leave serves its appropriate use as bedding. I also use as litter the "bumpins" or cornstalks after the cows have eaten what they will of them. By a good pounding with the caulks and a subsequent tousselling by the grunters, these are reduced to a comparatively convenient condition for spreading and ploughing in.

Nothing now remains to be done but to see that each horse is properly fastened, to put up the chains, to arrange Dan's bed, and to surrender the premises into his charge. This done I lock up the stable and return to my hearth, humbly but fervently grateful to the good giver for my happy home, which I am permitted to sustain by labors congenial to my tastes and conducive to my health, and also to the comfort and well being of the honest friends whom it is my privilege to use and to serve. Of them I can truly say that the longer I know them the more I respect and love them, and the greater regret I feel when the time comes for me to bid them, as I now bid the readers of the *Ploughman* an affectionate farewell.

P. S. I have been reading what I have written to Deb. She thinks it sounds very well, and is glad I have finished for she wants to clean up the sitting room. She doesn't know whether strangers will care to read it, and especially doubts whether I shall ever get any pay for it. She would like to send it home. She wants Reub to come and bring Avilda; but he has promised so often that she's tired of reminding him of it. [illegible] one thing you haven't done; you haven't proved anything. Neither that horses pay better than cows, nor that you save by cutting their feed. You know best Phil; but hadn't you better let me send it to Reub and save the postage to Boston and back? She thinks two dollars and a half a good deal to pay for the paper, but she thinks the editors and contributors are good earnest people, and such society is the best and cheapest in the end.

Bless her practically, and the worst of it is, from long experience, I've no doubt she's right. However, I've determined to risk the postage stamps; but as this article is already too long I must reserve the question of economy for another letter.

LIQUID MANURES.

By this we mean the urine of animals, solutions of the solid excrements chiefly, and might include the soap suds and house slops. There is an immense waste, annually, upon nearly all farms, in the shape of liquid manures. Probably few farmers are aware of the magnitude of their losses in this way of the best fertilizing material, that which is prepared for the immediate use of plants. We all know how rich in ammonia is urine, and how few there are who save it to the extent that its value would warrant.

Much of the most valuable portion of the solid excrements is that which is readily soluble in water. And in how many barnyards can we find large pools of this dark liquid, or see it running off down a slope, perhaps into some brook or gully and utterly wasted. If such farmers could see the actual value of the fertilizing material thus lost, rolling from their purses in the shape of dollars and cents, they would work almost night and day to stop it. Yet, in many cases, year by year, these golden streams are flowing from their purses, and a loss of a single dollar would disturb them more than the direct waste of a hundred times that dollar's worth in the form of liquid manure. These very farmers acknowledge their error, if told of it, but they have some excuse for neglecting it for the time.

The first error, however, is in having so much liquid manure. There should be no liquid manure in the barnyard except the urine of animals, and the materials should be at hand for absorbing that.—*Jour. of Ag.*

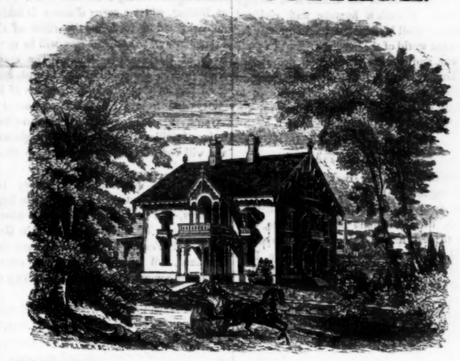
NUTRITIVE VALUE OF BRAN.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* gives the following valuable information on this subject: Rye and wheat bran contains nearly one and a half as much albuminous bodies as flour, twice the quantity of fat of the whole grain, three times that of phosphoric acid and potassa, and four times that of lime and magnesia. The breeder and stock raiser thus possesses in the bran a fodder that surpasses rape and linseed oil cakes in nutritive value. How highly these are estimated is well known. By mixing bran with straw and hay, which are deficient in phosphates, a most nutritive fodder for young and milking cattle may, for instance, be prepared. The first need phosphates for their bones, the second for their milk. But the nutritive value of bran may be still more enhanced, if one will only take pains to prepare it in the following manner: 100 pounds of bran must be mixed well with 800 pounds of water; to this 2 1-2 pounds of muriatic acid of 1.180 specific gravity, are added; the mass is then boiled for ten minutes, when the liquid is allowed to run off. This extract is set aside. To the remaining paste of bran, 200 pounds of water and a solution of 2 1-2 pounds of soda are added, and hereupon the mixture is boiled for ten minutes. The same is gradually added to the acid extract, and finally two or three spoonfuls of crushed chalk are thrown into it. The thus prepared bran is fed like swill.

DAMAGE TO WHEAT.

The report of the Department of Agriculture for June says: Among the diseases and causualities reported, rust has had a very limited range; hail storms have caused damage in the Ohio Valley; driving rains have beaten down some fields in Virginia and North Carolina; Utah has been ravaged by grasshoppers; and in Contra Costa county, California, squirrels have taken wheat "by the acre daily," until public meetings have been called to repel the invaders.

ECONOMIC COTTAGE.



DESIGNED BY S. SLOAN, ARCHITECT, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The laudable feeling which prompts persons to desire to become property holders, owners of the homes in which they live, must ever render cheap modes of construction popular with those whose means are limited. In order to meet this view to a certain extent, we have been furnished by *S. Sloan, of Philadelphia, Architect and Editor of the Architectural Review*, with a design for an economic Cottage, which in point of convenience, cost and appearance, commends itself to those who desire a handsome residence at a moderate outlay.

FIRST FLOOR.

SECOND FLOOR.

The cottage Ornee presented above is to be taken as an exponent of that middle class of country houses occupying a position between the cottage villa, and the simple unadorned cottage dwelling. Its plan is convenient and comfortable, and proves desirable.

A, Parlor. B, Bed-room. D, Dining room. E, Kitchen. F, Closet. G, Hall. H, Portico.

In case this plan be carried out as a one story and a half cottage, the stairs may be made one flight, and the room thus gained be added to the kitchen. The roof, if Mansard, would add four chambers to the house, but little smaller than those on the first floor.

A gable roof would not look well on account of the squareness of the plan, unless the centre of the gable were to be set forward one-third, and the side of the roof over the rear part sloped with a gentle curve towards the end wall, so as to leave the kitchen and dining room but one story.

Supposing the proposed cottage to be but one story; the space otherwise devoted to the stairs, would be available for a small bed room, or two large closets. But if the two story plan is to be carried into effect, the second floor may be as here given:

In the perspective given above, the dimensions required [illegible] of the front being and as the height will admit of it, two attic rooms are added to the accommodation of the house.

This makes a very comfortable and pleasant looking farm house. A cellar basement may be constructed under the whole; or one half as deemed advisable.

A, A, A, A, are four Bed chambers, having clothes presses at either side of the fire place, in each. B, Hall. C, Closet.

A water closet might easily be placed at the head of the stairs, where the baluster returns to the wall.

The Stable.

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

Feed liberally, work steadily, and clean thoroughly, is my motto in the management of horses. My great trouble is to get the horses rubbed dry and clean before leaving them for the night. Where horses are worked six days in the week, thorough grooming is absolutely essential to their health.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

☞ *The Seventh Annual Exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society will be held in the city of Manchester, in the State of New Hampshire, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth,* 1870.

ESSAYS.

The Committee on Essays have awarded the premium of thirty dollars offered by the New England Agricultural Society for the best Essay on "Improvement of Pastures," to the Hon. Alexander Hyde of Lee, Mass.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*

THE APPROACHING FAIR.

Only a few weeks will elapse before the sixth of September, the time for the opening of the Seventh Annual Fair of the New England Agricultural Society, will roll around. Already entries of horses and cattle have been made; already space has been secured for the exhibition of agricultural implements and machinery; already rooms have been secured at the hotels in Manchester by persons living at a distance, who will be at the Fair either as exhibitors or spectators; already arrangements are made and are being made with the railroad superintendents of New England railroads for the transportation of animals and articles for the Fair; already the citizens of Manchester have commenced brushing up their houses and public places, that the great manufacturing city of New Hampshire may have on its holiday dress during the time of the farmers, great New England festival; already mechanics have commenced their work of enlarging the accommodations for animals and agricultural implements on the exhibition ground—and already are the farmers throughout New England busying themselves in preparing their stock for the great exhibition. The ball is getting into full motion. Every enterprising New England farmer is doing something to accelerate it. All are looking anxiously over their cattle, and their sheep, and their swine, and their poultry, to see if any of the one or the others is suitable for the exhibition. Those who have nothing to send will go themselves to see what others have contributed, and after the Fair return to their homes determined that another year shall not roll around and find them without some offering to place upon the great agricultural show ground. Stimulated by their grand exhibitions, the great agricultural interest of New England has been elevated—elevated—elevated—until the products of our agricultural industry have become worthy of the intelligent, noble minded and hard working farmers of world-renowned New England.

No man can study the growth of New England agriculture, without seeing that no institution has so much aided it as the Fair—the town Fair—the county Fair—the State Fair, and last but far from least, the greatest of all these Institutions—the New England Fair. These Fairs have brought to the notice of all our people the best of everything that the farm and the farmer can produce; they have encouraged and stimulated honorable competition; they have educated the people in the great art of agriculture, and they have demonstrated that education improves and helps the farmer as much as it does the artisan, or the man of business.

No farmer can afford to stay away from the New England Fair,—no farmer who has good cattle, or sheep, or swine, can afford to lose the opportunity of exhibiting them; no farmer can afford to lose this great opportunity, not only of seeing the best breeds of cattle and the most approved agricultural implements, but of meeting his fellow farmers from all parts of New England and investigate for the grand commencement day of the farmer. To it all are welcome—and its wide doors exclude none who may seek to enter to gain or impart knowledge—to display the skill of their own minds, or see the results of the skill of others.

The mechanic and the artisan is equally interested in this grand display with the farmer. The evidences of the wealth and growth and prosperity of the country are gathered at the Fairs—and more than the statistics of the census—more than the logic of the statesman, do they vindicate and establish the upward steps which the great American people are taking. Let every man then honor himself by being present at the Fair—and in honoring himself he will do honor to his town, his State, and his country!

THE NORTH ADAMS CHINESE.

While on a visit at North Adams a few days since, we improved the opportunity to look over the now famous establishment of Mr. Sampson, and saw his imported Chinamen busy at their new avocation of shoe making. There are seventy-five of them in all, placed in one room in the second story of a spacious building of brick. Mr. S. declares that they are scrupulously neat in their habits, and industrious and persevering.—They are remarkably apt to learn, and very ambitious to excel. They show no desire to discard their national style of dress, the frock and queue, but are disposed to acquire our language and become familiar with American customs. In the building a Sabbath school is regularly held, which they manifestly desire to attend, and from which they will learn rapidly both of our language and religion. In their deportment, they are modest, quiet and respectful. There are no "coolies" among them, coolies being an altogether distinct class of Chinese, a cross between the Portuguese and the commoner Chinese, and are not to be trusted. They are of ill temper and addicted to theft on every occasion. The full blood Chinamen scorn to mingle with them, but are reliable, laborious, and thrifty. The farmers in that section are intently engaged in watching the working of the Sampson experiment, thinking seriously of applying Chinamen to the farms.

OUR GREAT FIRE.

The value of a first class Fire Department to a city like Boston, could readily be seen at the recent six acre conflagration at East Boston. It was a blazing hot day, and houses and contents were all ready, like tinder, to kindle at the approach of a spark. There were times when it seemed as if all must be swept clean before the raging fiend; two churches went and the flame surged in waves across streets, this way and that. But the gallant firemen worked heroically, overpowered by the heat as many of them were, and at last the dread tide was stayed. It was a fearful scene while it lasted. The City Government is urged to increase still further its fire force.

THE FIRST SHOCK.

The first rude shock of war in Europe will no doubt be experienced on the Rhine, and somewhere in the neighborhood of Coblentz. The opposing armies are over a quarter of a million strong. The French have the advantage of being first in the field, to take position and develope their strategy. They occupy a quadrilateral, each angle supporting every other one, with a heavy reserve corps to come up wherever needed. Prussia is enthusiastic and defiant, but she lacks that military preparation which has been attained by France. Still, for a time the struggle will an even one, and of course a hard one. France possesses some very deadly artillery, and Prussia has improved her needle gun.

THE WEATHER SUBJECT.

The heat is the topic of universal comment. It has shown us this year what it can do. We can get an inkling of what is meant by the phrase—"and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." A great many people have been prostrated, some have in a fit of insane delirium either attempted or committed suicide, and sickness has set in with unaccustomed vigor. We had a remarkable change about of the wind, on Tuesday, into the East, which suddenly revived the senses of the people. After such a protracted torrid term it was extremely welcome. The gardens have suffered, but the fields still more. Corn itself, that invites the sun's rays, has rolled up and half abandoned the struggle. It is still to be seen what effect has been wrought on the crops,—potatoes, corn and the like,—although hay is pretty much in, especially if it was cut green as it always should be.

PRIVATE PROPERTY ON THE SEA.

The United States would have been a subscribing party to the Paris Convention of 1856, if that body had consented to adopt the recommendation of Secretary Marcy in addition, viz, that the private property of belligerents on the high seas, except contraband of war, should be left unharmed. To this the Convention declined to agree, and that was the last of our connection with it. Our Government is improving the present season of a European war to press the subject once more on the attention of foreign powers. If such a humane and civilized proposal shall be adopted, it will greatly relieve the world of the needless rigor of a state of war, and confine the work of destruction to armed vessels, forts, munitions, warlike stores, and men actually in arms. It is strictly an American idea, and the world will shortly be ready to adopt it.

A HARBOR NUISANCE.

The harbor of New York is complained of as being intolerable in its stench, which proceed from the vast number of dead horses, swine, dogs, cats, and other creatures, that are thrown into the docks and allowed to swell this dreadful current of putridity. It is surprising that a city styling itself the first on the continent should submit to nuisances that threaten the very life of their population at this season. There appear to be no sort of regulations respecting the dumping of carcasses into the waters but everybody is left to do what and as he will. A pestilence is fast breeding there, which will teach a sanitary lesson just as easy to be learned at a far lower rate of cost. Public health is of the first importance.

A POOR PRINCE.

Wales seems to pattern after his great uncle, George the Fourth, who used to boast of being the "first gentleman of Europe." Though but twenty-eight years old, he is becoming bald, and looks like a man fast growing old and giving way. His wife has never seen much happiness with him, but the contrary, in fact, no Princess of Wales was ever a fortunate lady. Should he live to become King of England, and should England persist in the habit of having Kings for rulers, he must either change his course square about or his worthiness will become so patent and provoking that it would be no surprise to see the throne upset, and every vestige of Kingcraft go the dogs forever. It cannot be for lack of good early training that Wales is such a poor stick; as in the case of a great many young men, success at the start was the very thing to defeat real success through the rest of his career.

THE WORCESTER REGATTAS.

The annual college races took place at Lake Quinsigamond near Worcester last Friday, and brought out a very large attendance of enthusiastic spectators. The boat clubs of different classes of Harvard, Yale, Brown, weather was everything that could be wished. The first race was by Worcester single scull shell boats, for a prize of twenty-five dollars, which was won by J. J. O'Leary in the Minnie, in 16 minutes 11 1-2 seconds over a two mile course. The second race was a three mile course by the four oared Worcester boats, for a prize of seventy-five dollars. Three boats entered for this race, and the Union came in first in 20 minutes 20 seconds, but a foul being claimed the prize was awarded to the Bay State, which came in second. The next race was between the Freshman classes of the four colleges, in six oared boats three miles. The Browns came in first in 19 minutes 21 seconds, followed by the Yales in 19 minutes 45 seconds. There was some dispute on account of fouls by one of the crews, but the prize was finally awarded to the Browns.

The fourth race was the great event of the day between the famous University crews of Harvard and Yale, which came off at six o'clock, each in a six oared boat. In rounding the stake, the Harvards were fairly a length or two ahead of the Yales, but the latter ran into the Harvards, crippling the steering apparatus, which gave the Yale boat the advantage, and she came in first in 18 minutes 25 seconds, the Harvards coming in leisurely after this mishap in 20 minutes 30 seconds. After a full hearing by the judges and referee of all the evidence on the point, it was finally decided that the Harvards were entitled to the victory on account of the foul caused by their opponents. The Yale crew at once challenged Harvard to another race the next day, which was declined by them on account of other engagements. The crews in all the races did nobly and showed evidence of abundance of muscle, skill and careful training. Amherst appeared for the first time in these regattas, and are entitled to considerable credit in their efforts. They labor under great disadvantages in the boating line, as their nearest water is the Connecticut river, and they walk three or four miles and back every time they exercise on the water. The pleasure and satisfaction of the occasion were marred by the unfortunate fouls made in two of the races which were expected to be the most interesting.

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL. The doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope has at last been promulgated as one of the fundamental doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. The promulgation of it was attended with the most imposing ceremonies, and received with great rejoicing. At the meeting of the Council when it was adopted five hundred and thirty members voted in its favor and two against it, although a number of its opponents had absented themselves. The energy of the opposition to the doctrines disclosed in the lengthy debate, deprives it of the force and influence which it must otherwise have had, if the truth of it had appeared more self evident, and had been unanimously accepted. The Council has since separated.

"HOOSICK TUNNEL."—*Good Hotel.* Passengers between Boston and Troy by the Hoosick Tunnel route who may be inclined to spend a few hours in the interesting and attractive town of North Adams, at the base of the mountain, will find the "Wilson House," kept by Messrs. Streeter & Rogers, a comfortable and home-like hotel to stop at. All the appointments of the establishment are first class,—large and airy rooms, bountifully supplied table—meals well served, attentive waiters, etc.,—all of which of course is doubly appreciated after a two hours' stage ride over the mountain, and the relish which one gets up from the invigorating breezes of that location.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The preparations for war in France and Germany continue to be made on an immense scale. Each nation is doing its utmost to strengthen its position on the frontier, which extend from Strasbourg, a French city on the Rhine adjoining Switzerland, to the confines of Belguim. The battle field will be between these points from north to south, and between the river Moselle near the boundary, and the Rhine. The actual field of operation will be comparatively small for the present, and the Germans will at first probably act rather on the defensive. The position can be easily studied on any good map of Europe, and war maps will soon be issued with all the important points. The first shock of arms it is expected will be near Coblentz, which is situated on the left bank of the Rhine and the right bank of the Mosella, at the confluence of those rivers. It is about 70 miles northeast of Metz, by the post road, but is more than double that distance by way of the river, owing to its sinuosities. Coblentz contains a population of about twenty thousand souls, and is one of the best fortified places in Prussia. The fortifications surrounding it form a vast camp, capable of containing one hundred thousand men, and combine the systems of Carnot and Montalembert. Four forts protect it on the left bank of the Rhine.

The French army is concentrating within a quadrilateral formed by the towns of Nancy, Thionville, Strasbourg and Mayence. South of Strasbourg is an entrenched camp at Belfont, where a *corps d'armee* is taking up its position to form the right of the French army. Another corps will be in reserve at Chalons sur Maine. The entire army will be composed of eight corps, each consisting of three or four divisions of infantry and from six to eight regiments of cavalry. Each division will have three batteries of artillery, one company of engineers, and will comprise from ten to twelve thousand men.

Throughout France and Germany the people have volunteered for the war in large numbers, and have made the most liberal contributions of money. Business in Germany and France is of course greatly disorganized, and from Germany there are reports that commercial houses are failing on every side.

The French ministry has issued a circular supplementary to its declaration of war, in which it defends its course, and the Emperor has met the legislative body and delivered an earnest speech. He has also issued a strong appeal to the people. The Prussian monarch has also issued similar manifestoes, and both call Heaven and the world to attest the justice of their cause.

Offers of mediation have been made by England and Russia, but without avail. France has in the opinion of the world precipitated the war without justifiable cause, and no manifestoes or diplomatic circulars can place her right. The Czar of Russia has addressed a note to Napoleon, in which he regrets the precipitate measures taken on both sides and that the opportunity was not allowed Russia and other powers of Europe to act in favor of peace. The Czar while regretting the calamity of war will remain neutral so long as the interests of Russia do not suffer. He adds that he is ready to do all in his power to limit hostilities and mitigate the horrors of war. Baron Von Beust, the Austrian Prime Minister, has issued a circular to the Austrian Ministers abroad. He says if unsuccessful in sparing Europe bloodshed, and Austria the most serious consequences indispensable to war between the two powerful nations, he desires at least to mitigate the violence of that war; therefore Austria will preserve the attitude of entire neutrality, resisting every overture to participate.

The chief command of the Prussian and German armies will be held by Gen. Von Moltke. As the army is now posted the Prince Royal Frederick William, commands the left Prince Frederick Charles on the right, and the defences of the coast will be entrusted to Gen. Von Falkenstein. Gen. Dreyse will lead the advance over the Rhine. Saarfrieken will be the centre of operations. More than 100,000 volunteers have been enrolled in Germany. Lieut. Gen. De Kirchbach will command the Fifth army corps, and Lieut. Gen. De Golhen the Eighth. Prussian headquarters are now at Kreugenach, eight miles south of Bingen, on the river Nahe. Martial law has been proclaimed in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, as well as in Hesse, Hanover, Schleswig, Pomerania, and Eastern Prussia. Part of Hamburg is still open, and traffic has not been disturbed. The Government has issued circulars to all Consuls of North Germany in foreign States, requiring them to forward immediately all Germans liable to military duty, paying their passage to Fatherland, and furnishing them with such articles as may be necessary. They are also empowered to forward, on the same terms, all volunteers who may wish to fight for Germany. The sailors of German ships now in English ports are returning to Prussia to enlist in her armies, and the English dockyards are emptied to man the German navy. The reserves and landwehr are being pushed forward. The army is in excellent spirits and full of confidence.

Both sides will keep their movements as secret as possible, and no correspondents will be allowed with the armies.

DISTINGUISHED WEDDING. On the 21st the wedding of Senator Ames of Mississippi and Miss Blanche Butler, daughter of Gen. Butler, took place at Lowell, and was celebrated with great magnificence. There was a large attendance of distinguished visitors, among others Gov. Claflin, Dr. Geo. B. Loring, ex-Gov. Smythe of New Hampshire, Senator Chandler of Michigan, and Senator Pomeroy of Kansas. The ceremony took place in St. Anne's Church, and was performed by the venerable Rector, Dr. Edson, who performed the same ceremony for the parents of the bride many years ago. There were four groomsmen, and as many beautiful bridesmaids. The church was profusely and tastefully decorated with flowers, and was crowded to the utmost with the invited guests. After the ceremony a grand reception took place at the General's residence, and the house and grounds were a blaze of light. Twenty-five hundred invitations were issued, and the throng was immense. The festivities closed with a grand ball and entertainment. It was probably the most magnificent wedding that has ever taken place in Massachusetts.

CHINESE HONORS TO MR. BURLINGAME. Minister Low forwards from Pekin full despatches respecting the action of the Chinese Government on the death of Mr. Burlingame. He says that the difficult duties entrusted to Mr. Burlingame have been performed to the entire satisfaction of the Emperor and his advisers, and that his services were acknowledged in a manner evincing great respect, gratitude and liberality. An honorary title of first rank was conferred by the Emperor, which places the name of Burlingame on a par with those of members of the Privy Council, and which is the highest possible title that can be given to any one, either living or dead, outside of the Royal Family. A posthumous title, conferred directly by the Emperor, is considered by the Chinese the highest mark of respect that can be shown to the memory of a deceased public officer, as the decree becomes part of the official records of the Empire, which will perpetuate the name and fame of the deceased longer than statues or monuments. Ten thousand teals were also set apart from the funds of the mission and bestowed upon Mr. Burlingame's family.

AGRICULTURAL EDITORIAL EXCURSION TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER NO. II.

Correspondence of the Ploughman.

Trans-Continental Excursion of Journalists—Interview with Senator Wilson—Departure from New York—Erie Railway—Incidents of Travel.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 21, 1870.

I really felt on Tuesday morning as if it were too hot weather for the trans-continental trip. However, before seven o'clock A. M., I had packed and strapped my valise, and involuntarily humming "A light heart and a thin pair of breeches will go through the world," etc., I went to breakfast. I like a breakfast at the Astor House. I am, perhaps, old fashioned in this. But I like it, and I like the old place, for pretty much the same reason that I like to read the American First Class Book—because I knew it when I was a boy. And one almost always meets under its roof some other man equally loyal to the impulsions of boyhood. As I was taking a seat the waiter said, "a friend wishes you to sit with him." "And who is it?" said I. "Senator Wilson," said the waiter. He had just arrived by cars from Washington, on his way to his home in Natick, in old Massachusetts. It was an unexpected, perhaps the more acceptable pleasure. For the Senator has always been, in my eyes, a hero, and whom I have in my poor way worshipped. I had hardly seen him, since I passed a day with him in Natick—"Oldtown,"—last summer. I told him, in answer to his inquiries where I and the others were going. And he said that the trip was one which he coveted. I told him he could join the party. But he said that he had so much work laid out for the interval, that it would be impossible. I confess that I looked at him with a certain sort of admiration. For I knew how faithfully he had attended upon the duties of his position, and how long and implicitly the people of Massachusetts had trusted in him. I, in sympathy with some others, whose views and opinions, on political subjects are of more importance, had been prompted to scold him a little at his utterances on the matter of Chinese labor, yet conscious at the same time that he had been true to his convictions. So I led the conversation directly up to the matter. "Depend upon it you may," said he, "that the system by which Chinese laborers are now being introduced, is all wrong, and but a species of slavery. No man, more sincerely desires or hails the immigration hither of the laborers, the artisans, the men of every pursuit, from any and all of the countries of the old world. But the system by which the Chinese are now being introduced, will result in a species of slavery and servitude as odious as the system of African slavery, of which, thank God! we are almost rid of." Passing from that the Senator went on to say that the Congress which had just adjourned, had left undone some, in fact nearly all, of the important business of the country. We had no navy. An appropriation of one or two millions of dollars now would prevent the necessity of many millions at no very distant day. Yet Congress had refused and neglected to make the necessary appropriation. And on other matters of vital consequence to the country Congress had failed to meet its requirements."

I have allowed myself to indulge in this allusion to this chance meeting with the Senator, as it was an incident to me of more than common interest, and on which I may comment hereafter. For the question of labor—the relative positions of the employer and the employee, is one which some of our party,—they of the American Institute,—propose to examine and investigate. Messrs. Lyman, and Reade, and Whitney, and Dr. Smith, will give to the subject a large share of their attention. It is a great subject. Dr. Smith was authorized before we left New York to contract for one hundred Chinese laborers.

We crossed the ferry at the foot of Chambers street and took our seats in the cars of the Erie Railway. The day was hot, and tedious work, a grand monument to the enterprise, genius and persistent industry of its energetic and indomitable originators and promoters. Extending from New York by a nearly direct general course to Lake Erie, one of the great chain of inland seas, which transport on their broad waves the commerce of a continent, it seems almost a miracle of engineering achievement. It traverses sections of country where it was pronounced a mark of insanity to advocate such a project. It crosses mountain ridges and valleys deemed utterly impassable, and bridges, wild ravines where bold engineers shook their heads in despair. The original charter was granted April, 1832.

The history of the building of the road from that time through all the financial revulsions and impediments would be interesting. It was finally finished April 22, 1851, to Dunkirk. Among its most numerous branches is the Newburgh branch, which will connect with the Boston, Hartford and Erie railroad at Fishkill, forming a connection with Boston.

The scenery along the route is eminently grand and imposing. After passing through the picturesque valley of the Passaic in northern New Jersey, and the rolling and verdure clad pastures of Rockland and Orange counties, where some of the finest dairies in the world are found, the bold and rugged scenery of the Delaware river engages the attention of the traveller for the next one hundred miles. Then we pass through the Susquehanna valley and follow the track of this beautiful river. Then we surmount another summit to the Alleghany river, and follow its valley to Salamanca. Thence up through rugged wilds over another summit, to the basin of Lake Erie, and get a first glimpse of that remarkable inland sea.

Our party had been provided with a palace car, and the trip till sundown was an ever changing delight. The morning was hot, and at noon it was hot, but we had room, and freedom from conventionality of dress, and ice, and interchange of ideas.

There was a session of the Farmers' Club. Dr. Smith in the chair, and serio-comic and dead earnest discussions of matters pertaining to agriculture were indulged in. Raising of peanuts gave rise to an interesting debate. The editor of the *Artisan* proposed a discussion on the best mode of raising water by hydraulic rams. He would like to know which was the best ram. Thereupon the *World* man, who only had caught the last word, replied "a good Vermont Merino ram." The chairman read letters from several correspondents, which were numerous and witty. The use of lightning rods was seriously discussed by the *Hearth and Home* man, the representatives of the *Troy Times* and the *Rural New Yorker* speaking against them, and especially against the scalawags who go about the country palming off inefficient rods upon our credulous honest farmers. The representative of the Newark *Advertiser*, fresh from Cornell University, spoke of interesting experiments recently made at that institution, which illustrated the importance of keeping the end of the rod as sharp as possible. Thus kept and otherwise in proper order, he maintained that lightning rods in the common course of things cannot but prove very helpful. The man of the *Artisan* took similar grounds, and spoke strongly and well in support of his position. Then there was some jolly banter in which the *Troy Times* was prominent. This pusher of the pen, by the way, seems to have failed up to this date to appreciate the sentiment of Saxe: "Be sober if you can, it's such a very *serious* thing to be a funny man."

S. B. *Nye.*

—A preaching prophet in New York abuses the reporters for their "lies," in return for which they call his establishment the "church of the Infuriated Prophet." Don't stir up the reporters.

READ AND RUN.

— The Cochituate Lake is again getting low so that short allowance is talked of in case the dry spell continues.

— The American Institute of Instruction held its forty-first annual meeting at Worcester during the present week.

— All our correspondence with Germany now has to go by way of England.

— Last Sunday takes rank with the hottest of the hot Sundays.

— What has been known as Selwyn's Theatre, in this city, will hereafter go by the name of the Globe.

— Mr. Gilmore has been offered $125,000 to take his International Musical Festival of next year to New York, but no such sum is going to tempt him.

— A two thousand dollar sword, of solid silver scabbard and veritable Damascus blade, has been made in this city for presentation to Brigadier General Tassin, of the Twelfth U. S. Infantry.

— War maps are becoming conveniently plentiful.

— Townsend has been sending two hundred bushels of blueberries daily to Boston. It is a very nice town—send.

— Lynn rightfully makes boast of two veteran shoemakers, one of whom has worked steadily at his trade for seventy-one years, and the other seventy. The latter is eighty years old, and can turn out as handsome a child's shoe as the next man.

— Dorchester means to build a yacht club house.

— A memoir of the late Baron Stowe, D. D., is in course of preparation.

— During the last four weeks, sixty-two hundred and fifty visitors have ascended to the State House cupola.

— Summer complaints have begun to prevail in consequence of imprudent eating and drinking.

— All the fixtures of a first class shoe factory were shipped from this port last week for Switzerland.

— The song of the Lynn shoemakers—"Shoe, fly!"

— The Prussians expect to do the most of their fighting in France, and have started the cry—"On to Paris!"

— The Butler-Ames wedding was one of the great affairs in New England.

— The summer hotels every one of them have their latch strings out, like fish lines from the end of a wharf when smelt run.

— Lady Franklin, widow of Sir John Franklin, is in Cincinnati, to confer with Capt. Hall previous to his projected voyage to the North Pole in the spring.

— Potter Palmer, the Chicago ten millionaire, was married on Thursday.

— The English army and navy are to be placed on a war footing.

— Austria and Spain are pledged to observe strict neutrality in the war, and Russia engages to do the same as long as her interests do not suffer,—or, as long as she thinks proper.

— Denmark and Hungary are both out and out for France.

— The address of Napoleon to the French people is pointed, brief, and impressive.

— The Germans in this country are generally holding enthusiastic war meetings.

— Coblentz, the base of Prussian operations, is a fortified town of twenty thousand souls, situated on the left back of the Rhine and the right bank of the Moselle, at their confluence.

— Hartford did fifty thousand tons worth of water freighting, last year.

— Safe robbers have been at work at Sutton, and succeeded in getting a safe into a wagon, but ran on being frightened.

— Nantasket Beach has some distinguished visitors this season.

— Ice is in as good demand as anything else. The price is up and the quality down.

— A boy swam across the Mississippi, the other day, at Quincy, Ill., a distance of four miles, for a five dollar bill.

— A son of Anthony Trollope, the novelist, is a sheep raiser in Australia.

— The noticeable thing about all the European officers that are engaged in this war, is their advanced age. Most of them are near seventy, and some of them over that.

— A Vermont newspaper, just for news, says that Mr. So-and-So's barn has been newly whitewashed, and presents a greatly improved appearance.

— We should judge this to be rather tepid for the base ball players.

— Persons working in lead factories experience great advantage in warding off poisonous influences by drinking milk freely.

— Paper napkins are an oddity that is laid on German tables. But then, some papers, like the *Ploughman*, would give one an appetite.

— Between the mouth of the Hudson and the mouth of the Columbia River on the Pacific side, Kidder Peabody & Co. have laid down 30 lbs. of submarine cable.

— It takes the horse racing men to be accurate on minutes. They will split them up finer than any kindlings.

— A hundred dollars a year is all that the Queen of Denmark is said to spend on dress.

— The house at Washington in which the new French Minister committed suicide, is an unfortunate house in that respect.

— Orange Judd, of the *American Agriculturist*, gives in his will thirty thousand dollars more to Wesleyan University.

— The Magazines for August came out as promptly as ever, in spite of the hot weather.

— Saratoga has her hotels filled to overflowing. The racing is kept up, and betting is at fever heat.

— Fish chowders are a very palatable provender to discuss at the present time.

— Manchester is perfectly alive on the subject of the September Fair. She intends to out-do herself on that occasion.

— Some idle reporter is trying to employ himself in reckoning up the age of The Old Man of the Mountain.

— The weather has been what one may call "red hot."

— Street urinals are called for in the City as a public necessity.

— The Fall encampment of the State troops will be held at Concord.

— Rev. Dr. Adams, of this city, has returned advices respecting himself and family, who had reached Hong Kong, China, by way of the Sandwich Islands from San Francisco.

— The Old King's Head Tavern, in process of demolition, has been photographed with its surroundings by Black.

— Robert Bonner and family have been stopping at the Revere House.

— It is no cooler away from home this summer than it is staying right along.

— California has a second time become the El Dorado for Eastern men.

— Some of the papers are making fun printing the names of the rivers of Maine. If they should try to pronounce, as well as print them, the laugh would be on the other side of their mouth.

— Prussia says she wants a short war, and to confine it within as narrow limits as possible.

— The Prince of Wales, at a dinner given in aid of the London Children's Hospital, made the bull that not one-third of the *adult* population of England ever arrive at maturity.

— Plants and flowers have been discovered to be of healthful influence on the atmosphere, by reason of their perfumes; and it is recommended to plant flower bearing shrubs and trees in marshy localities and in localities infested with animal emanations.

— Connecticut has adjourned her Legislature after the unparalleled long session of seventy-nine days.

— The protracted drought in France must make a great difference with her in pushing forward the war.

— A Texan editor has been presented by his admiring lady readers with a shirt on which is painted a history of the State, including that of the Mexican war. He wears it outside.

— The Irish continue to hold mass meetings in Dublin, for offering their sympathy to France.

— Everybody has had something to say on the heat.

— Elihu Burritt has returned to his home in Connecticut from England.

— German goods, especially woolens, have advanced since the declaration of war.

— A man in Troy prosecuted his wife for stealing money from him, but the Court had never heard of such a thing before, and let the accused go again.

— New York weddings are in many instances deferred, and even broken up permanently, because the war prevents the promised tour of Europe.

— There is complaint of a lack of beaux at Saratoga. Plenty of rosin but not enough beau.

— The infection of the horse cars in New York is very properly complained of.

— A belle at Long Branch computes that she has lost at least half a dozen husbands by putting on a bathing dress, and she declares she will never do it again till her market is made.

— A Louisville physician died last week at the station house in that city of delirium tremens.

— There are three veritable Counts at Newport who are accounted some by visitors.

— Our turn comes, commercially, when Europe is at war.

FIRES.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT EAST BOSTON.—On Monday afternoon a fire broke out in a planing mill on Decatur street in East Boston, which spread with great rapidity and for some hours defied the efforts of the firemen to master. It extended quickly over stores, manufacturing establishments, dwelling houses, churches, crossing streets, and making terrible havoc in every direction. The heat was intense and made it almost impossible to work with effect. The details it is impossible for us to give. But the area burnt over is estimated at from six to ten acres; it includes that space bounded by Border street, Decatur street, thence by Liverpool street, crossing the space between Liverpool street and Meridian street at the Presbyterian church, thence across Meridian street to the junction of London and Meriden, to the rear of the tenement houses on Havre street, thence in a line with Havre street until at a point in range with the Baptist church and the centre of Central square, then in a direct line from this point to the Baptist church, and by Central square to Border street.

The Presbyterian church on Meridian street was entirely destroyed. The interior of the edifice had recently been put in the most complete repair—the lecture-room in the vestry had been newly frescoed and new furniture provided. But very little was saved from the building—the fine organ, recently built at a cost of $2000, and the Sunday school library being ecnaumed. Rev. Mr. Richards is the pastor, and the society not being a wealthy one, will feel the loss heavily. Before the edifice was entirely consumed the society was tendered the use of the Rev. Mr. Cudworth's church, which will doubtless be accepted.

The Baptist church a fine brick structure on Meridian street was also destroyed. It was insured for $25,000, which does not cover the loss. The list of losses by the fire would fill a column. The whole loss will approximate to three hundred thousand dollars. It is stated that this extensive conflagration was owing to a scarcity of water; that the water pipes in this district are too small to carry sufficient force in an emergency like this. A large number of dwelling houses, principally of the poorer class were burned and many families lost all their possessions.

LITTLE & BROWN'S BOOKSTORE BURNT. Monday afternoon, while the conflagration at East Boston was raging, the large building number 112 Washington street, occupied by Little & Brown took fire, and by energetic labors of the firemen it was confined to the fourth and fifth stories of the building, which were destroyed. Messrs. Little & Brown had a stock of books valued at $200,000 which were largely damaged by water, as well as the stocks of other occupants of the building. The store is owned by Harvard College, and the loss on goods was estimated at $100,000.

A fire Saturday night destroyed a large frame building on Carroll street, Chicago, occupied for pork packing, lard rendering and residences. The total loss is $20,000 Mrs. Killer, residing in the building, was burned to death.

Kauffman's warehouse, on St. Peter street, New Orleans, was destroyed by fire Saturday and some adjoining buildings injured. Loss $50,000, which is partially insured in home companies.

The Cleveland Boiler Plate Company's rolling mill was burned Saturday night. Loss $50,000.

At a late hour Saturday night a fire was discovered in the office of Major & Knapp, of the American Bank Note Company, at 69, 71 and 73 Broadway, New York. The fire broke out in the drying room. The flames spread rapidly, though they did not reach the front of the building. The loss on the building does not exceed $25,000. The Bank Note Company's loss is very great, as a large number of plates were destroyed.

Both Kuhnsky show the loss to have been heavy. The fire broke out in the Heywood Chair Manufactory near the depot, and in a few minutes extended to the works of the Union Machine Company and the building occupied by the Simonds Manufacturing Company. Although the firemen exerted themselves manfully, the three buildings were destroyed. The loss of the Heywood Company is between $30,000 and $40,000, upon which is an insurance of $3000. The loss of the Simonds Company is in the vicinity of $10,000.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Last Monday afternoon an accident happened at the freight depot of the Boston and Lowell railroad in this city, by which two men lost their lives and a boy was seriously injured. A portion of the third story floor at the eastern end stored with about six thousand bushels of grain fell in, owing to the rotting away of timbers, and the men who were at work, with the grain, were carried down to the floor below, where the weight of the grain and the falling timbers broke a hole through to the cellar. Two men were completely buried in the grain and smothered to death, and one of the boys had a narrow escape from the same fate, but was much bruised by being caught in the timbers.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ THE AMERICAN EGYPTIAN GRANITE ROOFING Association have introduced their EGYPTIAN CEMENT under the most favorable auspices. It is used with the utmost success on Cellars, Water Tanks, Cisterns, Drains, and for stopping leaks around Chimneys, Scuttles, Lutheran Windows, and is unmistakably a superior Cement. *Salesroom 79 Water Street, Boston, Mass.* Jly30-1t

☞ BILLIOUS COMPLAINTS in all their great variety are completely within the control of Hartshorn's Jaundice and Dyspeptic Bitter Key to Health. Jly30-1t

RUBBER GOODS. Rubber Horse Covers, $5 50. Rubber Coats, $3 50. C. HAYES, 26 School St. eo19-1y

MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 27, at the Church of the Advent, by Rev. H. N. Hudson, Mr. Charles P. Morse to Julia A., daughter of Mr. David Seavey, all of Plymouth, Mass.

In Boston Highlands, July 26, by Rev. J. O. Means, Martin Kingman to E. Emma Allen, both of Brookline, Mass.

In Tunbridge, Vt., June 26, by Rev. O. S. Morris, Mr. George H. Hardy, formerly of Everett, Mass., and Miss Nellie L., youngest daughter of William F. Willis of East Randolph, Vt.

In this city, July 24, by Rev. W. P. Tilden, Mr. Charles H. Paisey to Mary E. Gardner, both of Boston.

July 25, by Rev. George D. Johnson, at the residence of S. G. Fay, Esq., 193 Warren avenue, Charles N. Ballard of Waterville, N. Y., to Sarah M. Hill of Hartford, Conn.

In Medford, July 24, by Rev. Mr. Ambler of Medford, Mr. E. Roberts to Miss L. D. Peabody, both of Boston.

In South Hadley Falls, July 24th, by Rev. G. K. Fisher, George W. Griffin and Maria S. Emmons, both of Kent, Conn.

In Westfield, July 20, J. S. T. Stranahan and Clara C. Harrison, both of Brooklyn.

In Somerville, Spring Hill, July 25, by Rev. Charles M. Smith George William Waite to Maggie A. Beard, both of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth Woodman, widow of David Woodman, 82 years.

In Cambridge, July 26, Mrs. Lucy, wife of Ward Litchfield, 78 years, 9 months.

In Malden, July 26, Mira A., wife of George Hanson, Esq.

In Easthampton, Mass., July 26, Harriet A., wife of Charles Mellen, 38 years.

In Cambridgeport, July 25, of hemorrhage of lungs, Mr. J. E. Barnard, 36 years.

July 22, John Clark, eldest son of Dr. Luther Clark of Waltham, 26 years.

In Neponset, July 22, Mrs. Caroline Robinson, wife of Dea. William P. Boody, 61 years, 6 months.

In Lexington, July 22, Elizabeth Bowen, only daughter of Gershom and Mary W. Swan, 2 mos.

At Nantasket Beach, July 22, Foster Waterman, 65 years.

At Winslow House, Kearsage Mountain, N. H., July 23, William Carter of Newton, Mass., 33 years.

In Salem, July 23, Charles Burkinshaw, 59 years.

In Framingham, July 23, Caroline F., wife of Henry G. White, 36 years.

In Danby, Vt., July 23, suddenly, Jerome Boles of Boston, 57 years.

In Bedford, drowned while bathing, July 23, Thomas S. Stone, late of Cincinnati, O., 22 years, 8 months.

In Springfield, July 22, Dr. Henry W. Holmes, 40 yrs.

July 25, Mrs. Sophia Hodgett, 86 years.

In Westfield, July 17, Mrs. Lucy Root, 94 years.

In Monson, July 14, Lucy Biles, 78 years.

Killed by the cars in Wellesley, Mass., July 23, Mr. Charles E. Peabody, 25 years.

In Ashburnham, July 17, Miss Ellen M., daughter of Merrick and Thoda Willard 23 years 9 months.

In Cambridge, July 26, Mrs. Lucy, wife of Ward Litchfield, 78 years, 9 months.

In Malden, July 26, Mira A., wife of George Hanson Esq.

In Haverhill, July 25, Mrs. Sarah Saltonstall, widow of the late Isaac R. Howe, Esq., 79 years.

In Hamilton, Nov. July 25, of pneumonia, Samuel C. Bradshaw, a native of Boston, 65 years.

Marine Items.

WHALERS.

Ar at Provincetown 1st, sch Lizzie B. Simmons, Dunham, Atlantic Ocean via Holmes' Hole. Oil as last reported.

Sld from New London 23d, barque Trinity, South Atlantic Ocean.

Ar at St. Helena May 16, barques Cape Horn Pigeon, Hazard, Dartmouth, with 360 bbls sp oil (and old 17th to cruise

CATTLE MARKET.

—The receipts of cattle are only more than for several weeks y of the stock rather inferior in not disposed to operate until figures from last week's prices at 1c ₩ lb on common and medium et became rather active, but be ther dull. Some 300 cattle were s being offered here. Prices range

$ 00@8 25; generally rated first fair quality beeves at $7 00@7 75; xen and cows at $6 00@6 25; inf. s of cattle, $4 25@5 00; general $6 75; extreme range of prices, e sales were from $6 50 @7 00 per

head came from Ohio, 731 from om Virginia, 137 from Maryland, nessee.

ed 868 head were taken by Balti- d to speculators for Eastern mar- ry dealers.

for the past week were in excess tive demand there has been no and all good fat sheep found ready; od open wool sheep are wanted, lows: fair to good sheep 4@6c; Stock Sheep $1 75@2 25 ₩ head; Receipts this week 6,300 head, and 2,800 same time last year, during the past week were quite as follows: at $12 38 @13 ₩ 100 lbs ngs.

CATTLE MARKET.

e of a most important character in the cattle market during the ast have resulted in severe losses nding low grade stock. The re- e 14,669 head, the largest number es in the same time. About one were common thin stock; one- ding steers. On the latter class 5@5 ₩ 100 lbs., while on fair 1 @1 ₩ 100 lbs. has been quoted. he ruling figure of the week. ed steers, $5.50@5.60; fair to $7@7 25 ; good to choice oxen $6 50 @7 75 ; good to fat choice oxen $6 50 @7 00 ; fleshy oxen $5@6 25 ; stock ow cows and heifers sold at $3@4 50 . Three- ed heifers sold at $3@4 50 . There has ation of this, common steers, ow cows, and the number left unsold ed. The market, owing to the ne been quoted extremely dull, ng notwithstanding the extreme in prices, some 15,000 head have under other and more favorable ay be considered a fair business for as it may seem the real decline e when compared with the lowest and has existed at $5@5 75 for n fattened, and $4@5 75 for the direct from their native pastures arket, one of which was sold at quality of this stock coming for- was active at $4 00@6 00 for common to good "Yorkers" $4@ nineveh coarse lots and light lean

was fair, little difficulty was ex- ers at $4@5 25 for good to choice common; inferior grades $1@3 50.

WOOL MARKET.

as been active during the past fect up a large aggregate. Prices n upward tendency for some de- with the demand now running ge clip, the market rates for this ll established.

rn fleece, including the product linios and Indiana, at a range g at a range of 40@45c for an and double extra Michigan 45@ ast of Ohio and Pennsylvania at ng and delaine wools are in de- ng at a range of 40@45c for un- ashed fleeces. Canada and ombing averages about 60c ₩ lb. are continue to small lots. The ools still runs largely upon Can- ir relative cheapness, and large actual consumers during the past e got over their mania for buying competition with dealers, and se- the eastern markets for supplies. ors are too much for them, and rbed the bulk of the new clip, s ruling States, at prices which in se cases absolutely higher than r great consuming markets.

and fact is, that they have bought until eastern consumers and me to them, and pay them a these high prices. They believed to do this before the season ce of the short crop. That this evident from the fact that the ; indeed, it would be rather during the lack of margin, and have already begun to fall off ases, with manufacturers depend- ir trade for supplies, and as quite freely, the stocks upon the to undergo a serious reduction, only usually accurate. In this ainly looks now as if wool prices ard up to the western level, ses similar to our level. The as a stimulus to the demand, clined to anticipate their wants

OF STOCKS.

aly for the Ploughman.

	124
	120
	130
	133
	142
	146
	144
R. R.	81
R. R	31
	84
nal Bank	139
	119
	108
	117
	139
	102

TCHEN MARKET.

ly for the Ploughman.

ending July 29, 1870.

L PRICES.

INCY MARKET.

Pork, Lard, &c.

Corrected by Flint & Hickards, No. 28.

Fresh Pork, ₩.....	15 @16
Clear Salt Strips..	16 @20
Sliced Hams.....	@..
Single Ham, ₩....	21 @25
Corned Shoulders.	12 @14
Briskets.....	@16
Smoked Shoulders ..	@14
Smoked Ribs.....	@13
Sausages	@17
Pigs' Feet.....	@ 6
Lard, ₩ lb.....	19 @20

Veal and Mutton

Corrected by Hiscock & Son Nos. 9 and 11.

Veal, Leg.....	12 @16
Veal, Shoulder.....	@12
Sp'g Lamb, ₩ lb..	25 @ 30
Mutton, legs.....	17 @25
Mutton, shoulder..	16 @20

Fruit & Vegetables.

Corrected by Hiland, Smith & Co., Nos. 97 & 99 Merchants' Row.

Apples, new, bbl	@3 00
Apples, ₩ bbl..	4 00@ 4 50
Onions, bbl...	3 50@ 3 75
Bermuda ₩ lb...	4@5
Oranges, hund.	
Havana.....	@..
Messina box..	10 00@12 00
Lemons, box..	11 50@13 00
White Beans ₩ bush.....	3 00@ 4 00
Pea beans ₩ bush.....	2 75@ 4 00
Pickles, bbl..	10 00@15 00

Y MARKET.

all.....	@1 00
.....	1 40@ 1 60
.....	@..
sale.	
.....	17 00@18 00
.....	@..
.....	@..

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Corrected by Chamberlin Sturgis & Co, Nos 79 and 81.

BUTTER.

Lump, new.....	35 @ 45
Tub, new, prime..	30 @ 31
Tub, " fair to good	26 @ 28
Common.....	20 @ 25
Factory,.....	124@13¾
" 2d do,.....	10 @ 12
Farmers'.. 1st do	12 @ 12
Farmers', ord'y....	7 @ 9
Skim Milk, ₩ lb....	1@3

CHEESE.

Eggs, fresh.....	22@ 24
" limed.....	@..

Fruit & Vegetables.

Corrected by Hiland, Smith & Co., Nos. 97 & 99 Merchants' Row.

Apples, new, bbl	@3 00
Apples, ₩ bbl..	4 00@ 4 50
Onions, bbl...	3 50@ 3 75
Bermuda ₩ lb...	4@5
Oranges, hund.	
Havana.....	@..
Messina box..	10 00@12 00
Lemons, box..	11 50@13 00
White Beans ₩ bush.....	3 00@ 4 00
Pea beans ₩ bush.....	2 75@ 4 00
Pickles, bbl..	10 00@15 00

PRICE.

Peaches, peck	2 00@ 2 50
Apples, new, pk..	50@ 75
Cooking Apples"..	@..
Baldwins, peck..	@..
Pears, cook'g, pk..	@..
Pears, table, doz..	@..
" Califor'a doz..	@..
Grapes—	
Common, ₩.....	@..
Fancy lots, ₩....	@..
Grapes—Foreign—	
Bk Hamburg, ₩ lb	$1 50@1 75
Malaga, ₩ lb....	@..
Cranberries, pk.	1 50@ 2 00
Dried Apples, ₩ lb	7@ 10
Peaches in cans.	37@ 50
Whortleberr's can	@..
Oranges, Havana ₩ doz.....	@..
Oranges, Messina ₩ doz.....	75@1 00
Lemons, ₩ doz..	37@ 50
Cocoanuts, each..	8@ 10
Watermelons....	@1 00

VEGETABLES.

Corn	@ 25 @ 37
Shell Beans, pk..	22@ 31
Potatoes, n'w, bu.	1 25@1 50
Beets, doz.....	@..
Celery, ₩ root....	@..
Turnips, bsh....	12@ 15
Cabbages, n'w, ₩ 100	@..
Cauliflow'rs, each	15@ 37
Sw't Potatoes, ₩..	@..
Tomatoes, can....	@ 30
Lettuce, ₩ head..	4@ 6
Spinach, pk.....	@..
Mar. Squashes, ₩	@ 5
Hubbard do.....	4@5
Carrots ₩ bush..	50@
Beans, white, ₩ peck.....	@ 75 @1 00
Rhubarb, ₩ doz..	@..
Onions, peck....	50@ 75
Bermudas, ₩ lb..	4@ 5
Citrons, ₩.....	3@ 4
Peppers, ₩.....	@..
Pickled Limes, gal.	@ 50
Martinoes Pickles per gall	@ 75
Green Herbs, bun...	@..
Sweet Cider, new, per gallon.....	@ 20
Pickles ₩ gal...	50@ 75

E PRICES.

CY MARKET.

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Corrected by Chamberlin Sturgis & Co, Nos 79 and 81.

BUTTER.

Lump, new.....	35 @ 45
Tub, new, prime..	30 @ 31
Tub, " fair to good	26 @ 28
Common.....	20 @ 25
Factory,.....	124@13¾
" 2d do,.....	10 @ 12
Farmers'.. 1st do	12 @ 12
Farmers', ord'y....	7 @ 9
Skim Milk, ₩ lb....	1@3

CHEESE.

Eggs, fresh.....	22@ 24
" limed.....	@..

Fruit & Vegetables.

Corrected by Hiland, Smith & Co., Nos. 97 & 99 Merchants' Row.

Apples, new, bbl	@3 00
Apples, ₩ bbl..	4 00@ 4 50
Onions, bbl...	3 50@ 3 75
Bermuda ₩ lb...	4@5
Oranges, hund.	
Havana.....	@..
Messina box..	10 00@12 00
Lemons, box..	11 50@13 00
White Beans ₩ bush.....	3 00@ 4 00
Pea beans ₩ bush.....	2 75@ 4 00
Pickles, bbl..	10 00@15 00

PRICE.

Peaches, peck	2 00@ 2 50
Apples, new, pk..	50@ 75
Cooking Apples"..	@..
Baldwins, peck..	@..
Pears, cook'g, pk..	@..
Pears, table, doz..	@..
" Califor'a doz..	@..
Grapes—	
Common, ₩.....	@..
Fancy lots, ₩....	@..
Grapes—Foreign—	
Bk Hamburg, ₩ lb	$1 50@1 75
Malaga, ₩ lb....	@..
Cranberries, pk.	1 50@ 2 00
Dried Apples, ₩ lb	7@ 10
Peaches in cans.	37@ 50
Whortleberr's can	@..
Oranges, Havana ₩ doz.....	@..
Oranges, Messina ₩ doz.....	75@1 00
Lemons, ₩ doz..	37@ 50
Cocoanuts, each..	8@ 10
Watermelons....	@1 00

VEGETABLES.

Corn	@ 25 @ 37
Shell Beans, pk..	22@ 31
Potatoes, n'w, bu.	1 25@1 50
Beets, doz.....	@..
Celery, ₩ root....	@..
Turnips, bsh....	12@ 15
Cabbages, n'w, ₩ 100	@..
Cauliflow'rs, each	15@ 37
Sw't Potatoes, ₩..	@..
Tomatoes, can....	@ 30
Lettuce, ₩ head..	4@ 6
Spinach, pk.....	@..
Mar. Squashes, ₩	@ 5
Hubbard do.....	4@5
Carrots ₩ bush..	50@
Beans, white, ₩ peck.....	@ 75 @1 00
Rhubarb, ₩ doz..	@..
Onions, peck....	50@ 75
Bermudas, ₩ lb..	4@ 5
Citrons, ₩.....	3@ 4
Peppers, ₩.....	@..
Pickled Limes, gal.	@ 50
Martinoes Pickles per gall	@ 75
Green Herbs, bun...	@..
Sweet Cider, new, per gallon.....	@ 20
Pickles ₩ gal...	50@ 75

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Lettuce, ₩ head..	4@ 6
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Peppers, ₩.....	@..
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Martinoes Pickles per gall	@ 75
Green Herbs, bun...	@..
Sweet Cider, new, per gallon.....	@ 20
Pickles ₩ gal...	50@ 75

GRAY'S HORSE POWERS. The Patent Horse Powers and Machines for sawing wood, and for threshing and cleaning grain, manufactured by A. W. Gray & Sons, Middletown, Vt., have for some years been very extensively known and used, and as universally approved and admired for their simplicity, durability, cheapness and great saving of labor in some important branches of farm work. The proprietors are confident and assured that in no instance where they have been used have they failed to give satisfaction. They have borne the test of long experience, and in every State in the Union. The highest premiums at all the fairs wherever they have been exhibited furnish an additional recommendation of these almost indispensable machines as well as the testimonials of the thousands who have used them. For saving of labor and time they rank second only to the mowing and harvesting machines, and no large farm can be said to be completely equipped without them. For grades, varieties, descriptions and prices send for a circular price list to the proprietors. See advertisement.

A SAD CASE OF DROWNING. Last Saturday afternoon, at East Bridgewater, a young man named Otis Ellis, aged twenty years, whose parents reside in Taunton, went in bathing in a pond near the Old Colony and Newport Railroad in company with several other young men. Among his companions was Arthur Waterman, quite a lad, a son of Mr. John Waterman, the depot master at that place. After enjoying themselves some time in the water, Ellis took young Waterman in his arms and began to wade out further into the pond, when he soon got beyond his depth. As soon as he began to realize his danger he cried out: "I must drown, and I can't save Arthur." Efforts were at once made by their companions to save them, and young Waterman was brought out, but Ellis sunk and was drowned. His body was recovered in a few hours and was taken to his parents in Taunton.

INDIAN TROUBLES. — Reports from the Texan frontier detail a new series of outrages in the country occupied by the Indians. Horses have been carried off in droves and scores of families are abandoning their homes.

— At Shelby (Ky.,) one man bought 210 hogs and corn to feed the same, for $3,563, fed and sold them, averaging 223 pounds, for the handsome sum of $6,640, and refused the offer of $954 for 111 shoats that he raised from them. Another man and his son fed and sold 792 hogs, averaging 305 pounds, upon which they made an outlay of about $9,000, for the round sum of $21,000.

— Dr. Morse, editor of the *Journal of Agriculture* at St. Louis, recently stated in the St. Louis Farmers' Club that he considered it as a rule, a slovenly practice to stack hay. All of the outside of the stack, at least, will be weather beaten and worthless. The loss by stacking will be enough in a few years to build a barn, or at least cheap sheds for hay. He is not certain that it would pay to use hay caps. In some precarious seasons, they would be very useful. He would at east like to see them tried.

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— It is claimed by an agricultural writer that it is not the surplus production that has depressed the price of wheat, but the fact that in 1868 farmers refused to sell at a fair price, held on and finally sold at less, and so stocked the market as to push down the price for this season's production. The producers have had the upper hand for several years, but now the consumers are in luck. Should they now lay in full supplies they will probably be considerable gainers by it.

—The *Utica Herald* says no valid objection can be raised to the beet crop on the score of its exhausting the soil. A tri-yearly rotation of the beet enriches the soil. The tops cut off and ploughed in, as well as the salts and charcoal from the sugar houses, are excellent fertilizers. Large quantities of animal manure also are obtained from the herds fattened on the pulp. Thus would the yield of the land be more than quadrupled in value, while the land itself would be improved, where now it is being exhausted by continuous cropping with cereals.

THE VENEZUELAN CLAIMS. The Government of Venezuela having persistently refused to comply with the terms of the convention between that country and the United States, for a settlement of the claims of American citizens against that Government, the President has directed the United States steamer Narraganset to be sent to Venezuela to enforce the collection of the claims stipulated by the terms of the convention, that custom duties at certain ports of Venezuela should be set apart for the payment of the claims of American citizens. Instead of this the Government has information that the duties at those ports are devoted to the payment of claims of French and German citizens, the French and Prussian Governments having men of war there for the purpose of enforcing the collections of their claims. Our Government having waited a reasonable time, now proposes to imitate the example of France and Prussia.

☞ The number of Chinese in this country at the end of 1869 is estimated at 90,000, among whom were but 5000 women and 2000 children. Some immigration began in 1848, 138,000 have come to the United States, of whom 38,000 have returned to China, and about 10,000 have died. Of the number at present in the country, about one-half are in California, 25,000 in other Pacific States and Territories, while fully 15,000 have crossed the Rocky Mountains.

☞ The Middleboro' *Gazette* urges the laying out of a public park in that town. As Middleboro' is destined to become a place of great importance, and is already a thriving town, its citizens should heed the suggestion.

THE EDITORS AT LAKESIDE.—The members of the Massachusetts Association of Editors and Publishers, with their wives, are to be our guests at Lakeside in September, at the time of the ripening of fruits. We know of no class of men who are better deserving of a "good time," or who are more capable of merry-making than editors. If we are not called upon to repeat the exclamation so often made at Gloucester, "*multum plurium ! multum plurium !*" we think a "jolly good time," may reasonably be expected.—*Dr. Nichols in Journal of Chemistry.*

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The Ploughman.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ A valuable politico-economical treatise on *Protection to Native Industry* by Sir dward Bulliven, is republished in a handsome thin octavo by the Bureau Printing Company of Chicago. It enforces and illustrates some branches of the subject by practical discussions and illustrations which cannot fail to make it valuable for a complete understanding of the subject.

☞ *Putnam's Magazine* for August has an attractive table of contents, Love in Fiji, or life among the cannibals, Yachting, Can an Inebriate conquer himself? Music in Nature, A Woman's Right, by Mrs. M. C. Ames, The Constitutional Crisis in England, by Prof. Goldwin Smith, and several others, which sustain the high reputations of *Putnam's*. Received from Crosby & Damrell, agents for all magazines, 100 Washington Street, Boston.

☞ A pamphlet is issued by Lee & Shepard, entitled *Pest Fuel*, how to make and use it, by T. H. Leavitt. The subject of which it treats is commanding, again, a good deal of attention, and bears closely upon the great question of *cheap fuel*. Mr. Leavitt is an earnest worker in practical affairs relating to cheap *fuel*, reliable as an authority and indefatigable in his efforts to collect and disseminate information.

THE FORTHCOMING NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

M. V. B. Edgerly of Manchester, the Chief Marshal of the New England Fair which is to be held there, has appointed the following gentlemen as Assistant Marshals: J. B. Cilley, H. H. Huse, W. R. Patten, Geo. B. Chandler, S. F. Murry, and Thos. Morgan of Manchester; A. S. Jenness, Deerfield; J. M. Bedee, Meredith; J. A. Robbins, Hillsboro'; J. H. Pierce and J. O. Wallingford of Dover; J. Ware Butterfield, M. T. Donohue and B. P. Whipple of Concord: Frank Jones, Portsmouth; Wm. Barrett, Nashua; Geo. W. Ricker, Portland, Me.; R. W. Chase, St. Albans, Vt.; S. H. Howe, Bolton, Mass.; G. H. Smith, Providence, R. I.; S. L. Sayles, Dayville, Ct.

GLEANINGS FROM THE AGRICULTURAL PRESS.

— Dr. Randall, in the *Rural New Yorker*, in response to an inquiry as to the meaning of the word Merchantable as applied to wool, says unwashed United States fleece wool; wool not washed as clean as it is usually sold in market; that which has dung or other impurities in it; burry or cotted wool; fleeces with dead wool placed in them, are all unmerchantable.

— The *Practical Farmer* says the common sense plan of salting animals is to have a lump of rock salt accessible to stock at all times. It should be in the horse and cow trough, in the sheep and barnyard, and in the field. They will then take as much as they want and nature prompts, and no more Taken in this way, it will promote appetite, good health and thrift, and no diarrhœa or other disease will result, as they often do when given at specified times and in large quantities.

— The Agricultural Department Report for March and April says there is something radically wrong in the management of swine or else the genius is an unhealthy one and consequently unfit for food. The mortality is remarkably large. It intimates that a greater variety of food, particularly roots, etc., with occasional feed of charcoal, bituminous coal, sulphur, etc., will be found efficacious in preventing the different diseases known as hog cholera.

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New Advertisements.

Fertilizers for Sale.

PRESSED Pogie Chum, Pressed Halibut Chum, Blubber, 200 Tons Composted Night Soil, Unleached Hard Wood Ashes. Also a large lot of Dry Fish Bones, very rich in Phosphates. For sale by GEO. M. WORSON, jly30-tf East Gloucester, Mass.

WANTED!—AGENTS, Ladies or Gentlemen, everywhere, to canvas for "**The Life and Writings of Charles Dickens,**" by Mrs. F. A. Hansford. A handsome $1.50 12mo. Sentfree to meet with an immense sale. Now is your time to make money. B. B. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass. jly30-4t

New Advertisements.

THE "HERO" FRUIT JAR,

AS MANUFACTURED BY THE LYNDEBORO GLASS CO., Is Practically THE BEST Fruit Preserving JAR ON THE MARKET.

These facts are now attested by an experience of many years, and by the use of more than 14,000,000 Jars!

4 000,000 MADE THIS SEASON!

As enormous as this production is, it is all absorbed by the demand, which increases about 33⅓ per cent. annually. The Jars manufactured by the LYNDEBORO GLASS CO. are of superior quality and strength, standing the severest tests of heating or boiling, and every Jar sold by them is

WARRANTED.

Offered to the Trade of Boston and New England, at the Lowest Prices, at their

WAREHOUSE, 20 MILK ST., BOSTON.

Please call and examine before purchasing. jy30-3t

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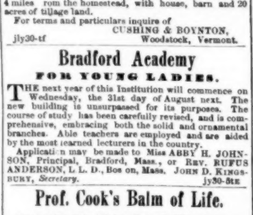

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A First Class Stove at a very Low Price!

A new article recently brought out! The neatest Stove in the market!!

FARMERS' BOILERS,

of a new pattern, the best thing in the country, for Wood or Coal. Sizes from ten gallons and upwards, with plain and galvanized Boilers.

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STOVES, RANGES & FURNACES,

BARSTOW STOVE CO., 110 & 118 SOUTH STREET, BOSTON. FOUNDRY AT PROVIDENCE, R. I. jly30-13t E. A. STEVENS, Agent.

An Excellent Stock Farm AND TIMBER LAND,

IN MARLBOROUGH, N. H., three miles from Village and Railroads, two miles from Monadnock Mountain, excellent land for grain and grazing, will keep 25 cows, well watered and fenced with stone; one house, L, Granary and 2 Barns—worthy the attention of those having money to invest or strength to handle hard wood timber. 600 cords can be cut and have an abundance for fuel and building purposes. Price $3500. Apply immediately to C. K. HARDY, jly30-4t* on the premises.

Guardian's Sale.

By virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the county of Norfolk, will be sold at public auction, on MONDAY, the fourteenth day of August, A. D. 1870, at five o'clock in the forenoon, at the Maldiver Hotel, in Cohasset, all in the county of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Anna L. Hunt, Frederic A. Hunt and Sarah S. Hunt, minors, of Weymouth, in the county of Norfolk, have in and to the following real estate, to wit:

A certain parcel of land situated about one mile from the centre of said Concord, containing five acres more or less, and bounded easterly by land of the Fitchburg Railroad Company, northerly by land of Henry A. Wheeler, westerly by land of A. Follard, and southerly by land formerly of Cyrus Warren.

Also a certain parcel of land situated in the northerly part of said Concord, containing seven acres, more or less, and bounded southerly and easterly by land late Jacob B. Farmer and Joseph Clark, westerly by a town way and northerly by land of Stedman Buttrick, and others. SERENO D. HUNT, Guardian. Concord, July 23, 1870. jly30-3t

Valuable Real Estate for Sale.

This estate is situated on the Queche River, in Woodstock, Vermont, one mile from "Green."

On the place is a large dwelling house, pleasantly located and conveniently arranged, five barns and all other needful outbuildings. Under the two largest barns are basements fitted up for keeping sheep, with floor Cellars attached. Running water through the house and all the barns. The farm contains 70 acres of upland mowing, 20 of meadow (interval), 100 of wood and timber, 150 of pasturage, and will keep 6 horses, 10 cows, 4 oxen, and 400 sheep. About one-fourth of a mile of the house are 1000 thrifty Sugar Maples, yielding generally one ton of sugar each year.

Within easy reach distances for drivers, are three tenant houses. There are 500 apple trees of choice grafted fruit on the place. Stock and farming tools can be had with the farm if desired. 200 acres of land, 4 miles from the homestead, with house, barn and 20 acres of tillage land.

For terms and particulars inquire of CUSHING & BOYNTON, jly30-tf Woodstock, Vermont.

Bradford Academy FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE next year of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, the 31st day of August next. The new building is unsurpassed for its purposes. The course of study has been carefully revised, and is comprehensive, embracing both the solid and ornamental branches. Able teachers are employed, and are aided by the most reached lecturers in the country.

Applicants may be made to Miss ABBY H. JOHNSON, Principal, Bradford, Mass., or Rev. RUFUS ANDERSON, L. L. D., Bos on, Mass. JOHN D. KINGSBURY, *Secretary.* jly30-3ms

Prof. Cook's Balm of Life.

Everybody's Friend and Physician.

THIS great chemical SOLUTION and CURATIVE will surely cure Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Cancer, Catarrh, Lucorrhœa, Cholere Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Cholic, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sore Eyes, and all Scrofulous Eruptions. It moves Dandruff and Scales, and as a Hair Restorer and Dentrifice it has no equal in the world.

Testimonials of Chemists, Physicians and others of known veracity sustain the above statement. It contains no Acid, Mercury, Lead, &c. Sold by Druggists generally. $1.00 per bottle.

☞ Send for Pamphlet.

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The Leading Church Music Book

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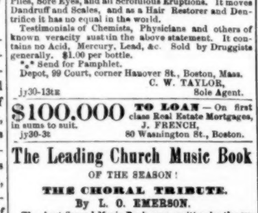

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The Poet's Corner.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

DECEIVED.

And did you lure me on for this?
Was this your cruel end?
To come and break a blameless bliss
That you could never mend?

You came and saw my still content,
Called all your charms to aid;
You bade me follow where you went,
God help me! I obeyed.

I left my tender gentle dove,
Nor kissed her glistening eyes;
I heeded not her looks of love,
Her mute and sad surprise.

I followed you; and 'neath your smiles
New love, from day to day
Waxed bold, unconscious of your wiles,
The old it passed away.

The first love withered 'neath your art,
Oh, that I ne'er were born!
You wrung the second from my heart,
And threw it by in scorn.

A worthy triumph you have won,
Struck dead my love and pride;
Remorseful conscience stays alone,
My foolish heart to chide.

"What is there 'twixt us common?" True,
There is not much, I own;—
Why could I not have fear of you,
And you leave me alone? S.

Ladies' Department.

The Chateau on the Rhone.

BY CARLOTTA.

My tour on foot through the interior of France was rapidly drawing to a close, and I began to think of seeking once more the home I had left in merry England. The summer months had passed but too swiftly away, and now, when October was casting her veil "of many colors" over mountain and valley, I found myself leisurely descending the Rhone, alternately watching the shifting panorama its banks presented, and reviewing in imagination the scenes I had visited and the people I had met in my wanderings.

I was to take the boat at N., but the evening shades warned me that my destination was too distant to be reached that night. The first eminence in the road afforded me a glance at the surrounding country. A collection of houses, that could hardly be termed a village, lay before me, seemingly at my feet. The last gleams of the setting sun, lending to the waters of the Rhone a more golden hue, were reflected from the slanting roof and stained windows of a little church, and showed me, at a short distance from the country graveyard, with its humble monuments, a large, rather sombre looking building. Attracted by its decided superiority over the neighboring houses, I determined to seek shelter there for the night. In a few moments I had passed through the village, eyed half wonderingly, half suspiciously, by its inhabitants, and entered the courtyard of the dwelling, where a little garden, whose flowers were well tended and carefully selected, gave evidence of refinement and culture.

The massive door, in answer to my vigorous knock, sent the echoes flying through the incosure, but apparently failed to awaken the attention of the inmates. Again and again I repeated the appeal, but with only the same effect. Discouraged at my failure, I had, at length, turned from the inhospitable door, when the dull sound caused by the withdrawing of a heavy bolt, induced me to retrace my steps. The door swung slowly upon its grating hinges, and the bent, shrivelled figure of an old man appeared in the opening.

Apologizing for having disturbed him, I explained the reason of my unexpected visit and asked permission to remain until the morning.

He hesitated for a moment, and then pointing to a chair within the entrance, hobbled slowly away. I was in a vast hall, where, by the fading twilight, I could discern the shadowy outline of a staircase at the lower end, and upon either side doors corresponding in their solid appearance to the one through which I had entered. I had barely time to make these observations when the guardian of this stronghold returned, accompanied by an elderly female, who addressed me in Mere Jeanne, and whose quick, light step, clear voice and keen black eyes proclaimed her much younger than her companion.

Pushing hastily by him, she bade me welcome to such poor accommodation as the house could yield, and led the way down the hall.

We entered the room she had evidently just left: it was comfortably, but plainly furnished, a cheerful little fire dispelled the evening chilliness, and shone brightly upon a floor waxed with scrupulous neatness. A slight evening's meal stood ready in the centre of the room, and first offering me a seat, my guide took her place at the head of the table. To my surprise, Mere Jeanne—for so we must call her—now addressed me in my own language, speaking it purely and fluently. Very grateful it was to my English ears, wearied for so long with the incessant sound of a strange tongue.

"We lived sometime in England, sir," she replied in answer to my question. "It was when my master, le Comte d'Armand, was first married. His young wife, terrified at the dangers that threatened the Bonapartists, when Napoleon, their beloved Emperor, was imprisoned upon St. Helene, urged the Comte to leave Paris with her, to seek in your country—for your dress, your manner, tell me you are English—the safety and peace our troubled land could not afford them. It has been many years since then," she added, with a sigh, "before Marguerite or Lila either, were born, and, alas, everything has changed with us. Le Comte fell a victim to your terrible climate, when his younger daughter, Marguerite, was but three years old; it was not long before my mistress followed him, entreating me with her dying breath to remove her children to this chateau, and to be, indeed, a mother to them. My good husband, Pierre, has ever aided me in care of them, and God alone knows how faithfully we have tried to perform our task." Mere Jeanne here arose abruptly from the table. "I have duties to fulfil now," she said, "and you are welcome to such entertainment as you can find in Marguerite's books."

She placed for me, as she spoke, a chair beside a little table covered with a variety of volumes. But I was in no humor for reading, and for some time I sat watching Mere Jeanne as she hastened in and out of the room, removing all traces of our supper. Satisfied, finally, that no crumb marred the beauty of her spotless floor, she drew from her little basket, a half finished piece of knitting, and sitting down opposite to me, went busily to work.

"Are you never lonely here," I asked, for, judging from the appearance of the villagers, I was sure they had but few visitors.

"Ah! no sir," said Mere Jeanne, glancing quickly up. "When we had Lila and Marguerite both with us, their sweet young voices were all that I cared to hear. Lila was seven years older than her sister—old enough to feel the terrible loss they had sustained when Marguerite was but an infant. From that time her eyes had ever a saddened look, and her laugh, so rarely heard, had none of the careless glee that marked her sister's. Still we were happy in those days. The heartiest cure of our village—good soul, he rests among the blessed now, and Mere Jeanne crossed herself devoutly—saw that their education was not neglected, and our lives knew no care until Lila had entered her eighteenth year."

"You weary Monsieur," said old Pierre from the chimney corner, where he sat half asleep. "He cannot care to hear what you are saying."

I eagerly expressed my anxiety to hear the rest of the history, and Mere Jeanne continued: "I had often written to the relatives I knew my master and mistress had in Paris; but perhaps, they too, were scattered, for I had heard nothing from them. I could not bear the idea of my beloved Lila passing her young life excluded from the society she was so well fitted to adorn; and, as a last resource, I addressed a letter to an uncle of the Comtesse, who, with his wife (they had no children,) had been devoted to my mistress when we lived in Paris. M. Girault came himself in answer to my letter. Fascinated with the lovely person and graceful manners of his niece, he gladly assented to my proposition that she should spend the winter with them in Paris. Lila was not willing to be separated from us, at first, but yielding to my persuasion she went. Ah! bitterly have I regretted the day she ever left us. Mere Jeanne paused for a moment, and the tears fell sofily over her work.

"Do not continue," said I, "if it pains you."

"There is not much to be told, sir," she replied, taking up the knitting that had fallen from her hands. "The letters from Lila's new home were the outpourings of a young heart, to me, its only confidant. She was charmed with the new world into which she had so suddenly entered and with the society she met there. At last came a short silence, and then a letter, saying, in a few days, she would be with us. She longed to breathe the fresh spring air, she said, away from the heated city. She would tell me all when she came. Ah! sir, I have guessed my darling's secret, before she told me, with her blushing face pressed to my bosom, of the love that had gladdened her life. Eugene was so noble, so good; but he would be at the chateau in a short time, and I must learn to love him then, for his own sake as well as for hers. He justified even her glowing description of him. He was handsome, refined, and so devoted to Lila. He came often during the summer, sometimes accompanied by M. and Mme. Girault. I never saw my child more beautiful than she was in those happy days. The light of love chased all sadness from her soft dark eyes, and a faint rose bloomed upon her usually pallid cheeks. She was to be married in the ensuing winter, and in November she accompanied Mme. Girtlau to Paris. Marguerite and I were to follow later in the season. The time swiftly approached, and we had nearly completed our preparations to join Lila, when a sad, brief letter came from Monsieur Girault. Its heart rending contents told in few words the terrible tragedy. Eugene was dead. Killed in a duel, where he had risked his life, his happiness, for what men call honor. Lila was ill, perhaps dying, and I was to come without delay. We started that night for N——, and before many hours had fled I was with my stricken darling. Night and day I watched by her bedside. People do not die suddenly of a broken heart. It is something that undermines the life only by degrees. As soon as Lila could be moved we left the place that had been the scene of her happiness and her grief. The love she bore towards us, and the dread of leaving her little sister, alone prevented her from taking the veil. But she consecrated her life to God as sincerely as if she had entered the cloister; even her dress partook of the severe simplicity of the robes of the Sisters of Charity. The poor, the invalids, the unhappy of our little village she sought out, and to them she was always known as 'Sœur Lila.'

"They, indeed, can tell you how like an angel she was. It had been two years since God took her unto himself, but they speak of her with the same love and reverence as if she were still among them. Her portrait hangs in the room you will rest in to-night. Her grave you will see in the village churchyard to-morrow. It is on a sunny slope within hearing of the ceaseless murmur of the Rhone. You will know it by the monument that marks it. A cross, pure and spotless as her life, sculptured with a wreath of drooping lilies and immortelles."

The tiny chime of a clock above the chimney rang clearly out as she ceased to speak. The hand pointed to ten, and, first awaking old Pierre from his sound slumber, Mere Jeanne lighted me to my room. The portrait above the old fashioned mantel was exquisitely beautiful. Soft auburn curls fell caressingly over the snowy shoulders, and clustered around a lovely face, in whose large dark eyes the artist had succeeded admirably in giving the spiritual expression of which Mere Jeanne had spoken.

A wish to see the last resting place of one so beautiful and so unfortunate, impelled me early next morning towards the little graveyard I had observed the day before. At the gate I encountered Mere Jeanne, and as she entered the church I pursued my way through the sacred ground. A few steps, a sudden turn of the path, and I stood in front of the cross my hostess had indicated. Beside it knelt a fair young figure, so wrapt in earnest prayer that my approach was unheeded.

Her face was only half averted, and for a moment I might have thought it was the spirit of the lost Lila I gazed upon, so striking was the resemblance to the portrait.

"Marguerite," called Mere Jeanne from the church door, and as she sprang to her feet, for the first time the eyes of the fair suppliant encountered mine. Startled by my unexpected appearance, she hastily returned my profound salutation, and in a few moments had disappeared.

Reader, need I repeat to you the old, old story? Need I tell you that the morning sunshine flooding the little graveyard, and the birds carolling their matins among the branches overhead, lost their charm for me after Marguerite had left the quiet little scene? I found an excuse for prolonging my stay at the chateau, and many a pretext for returning there during the winter and spring; and when the brilliant October tints again flushed softly through the forests and vineyards of the Rhone, Marguerite entered my home in England, my peerless wife.

Mere Jeanne never left the old chateau, but we spend every summer with her there, and the sombre house is gladdened with the merry voices of children's voices and the patter of restless little feet echoing through its solemn walls; hushed only when Mere Jeanne sits down with little Lila, her favorite, in her arms, and the others gathered close around her, to tell them some story of the Lila whose portrait they keep bright with fresh garlands, and to whose grave they go each day—little pilgrims laden with their flowery offerings.—*New Orleans Sunday Times.*

WESLEY'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

"Seldom have I seen," says a biographer of John Wesley, in *Herder's Adrostea*, "a more beautiful old man—a serene and smooth countenance, an arched nose, the clearest and most piercing eye, a fresh color. Quite unusual to one of his age, and betrayed perfect health—all this gives him an exterior at once interesting and venerable. You could not see him without being struck with his appearance. . . . His dress was a model of neatness and simplicity; a thrice folded neck cloth, a coat with a narrow standing collar, no knee buckles nor silk nor satin on his whole body, but crowned with snow white hair. . . . In social life, Wesley was lively and communicative. He had been much among men; he was full of anecdotes and experiences, which he related willingly, and, what is not of less importance, well. He could be very cheerful and pleasant. His elasticity of spirits communicated itself to others, and suffered so little before the weakness of age or the approach of death, that no one could think he had been as happy in his twentieth as he was in his eightieth year."

☞ What the Ettrick shepherd said of his dog Hector is now going the rounds: "it is a gude sign of a dowg, sir," says Hogg, "when his face grows like his master's. Hector got sae like me, afore he deed, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang till the kirk, I used to send him to tak my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed, he ance asked me neist day what I thocht o' the sermon; for he saw me wonderful attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look that I was feared Mr. Paton wud hae observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspectin' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile, and jealousied neathing; though baith Hector and me had like to split, and the dowg, after lauchin, in his sleeve for mair nor a hundred yards, could staun't nae longer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potawto field, pretending he scented game."

☞ At a recent celebration of the birthday of Margaret Fuller Ossoli by the New England Women's Club of Boston, the club rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers, statuettes, and appropriate mottoes. There was exhibited a full length portrait of Margaret painted by Mr. Hicks, in Venice, and also a large photograph taken from a daguerreotype. In fine German text were these mottoes, taken from her writings:

"By man I mean both man and woman—these are two halves of one thought."

"We must have units before we can have union."

"We would have every path laid open to woman as freely as to man."

"Were this done we believe that no discordant collision, but a ravishing harmony of spheres, would ensue." A. D. 1843.

☞ Rowland Hill was in the habit of taking nearly everything he saw or heard into the pulpit, and using them up in his sermons. When preaching on the government of the temper, he said, "I once took tea with an old lady, who was very particular about her china. The servant, unfortunately, broke the best bread and butter plate; but her mistress took very little notice of the circumstance at the time, only remarking, 'never mind, Mary, accidents cannot be avoided.' 'My word, but I shall have it by and by,' said the girl, when she got out of the room. And so it turned out. The old lady's temper was corked up for a season, but it came out with terrible vengeance when the company retired."

☞ A remarkable woman died at Uxbridge, England, a short time ago, at the age of ninety-two. She had lived for years in seclusion, having defied the gossip of a country town. After her death it came to light that she was the daughter of a Spanish nobleman of high distinction. In early life she contracted a clandestine marriage with the Count De Chantal, of France, who was a general in the French army under the first Napoleon, and who fell at Waterloo. Exiled from her native country, as well as from France, she took refuge in England soon after the restoration of peace, and lived on her scanty income at Uxbridge.

A Genuine Confidence Man, FORTY YEARS AGO.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* gives from his personal recollection the following narrative of a successful swindle forty years ago. The device was then novel but the field has been pretty thoroughly worked since.

Towards the close of a very cold day in April, 1818, during which the boisterous wind from the northward had caused considerable commotion on the surface of the North river, the inhabitants of the city of New York were startled by a report that a very rich nobleman from Europe had arrived at Jersey City, crossed in an open boat, there being no steam ferry in those days, and had landed near Rector street, but owing to the roughness of the waves had lost overboard a case containing diamonds and other jewels of great value.

The people were much excited at the event; a majority had never seen a live nobleman; every one was inquiring where he was to be found; and no newsboy being in existence or extras issued at that early period, it was extremely difficult to ascertain. However, it was finally discovered that he had taken lodgings at the City Hotel, kept by Chester Jennings, and his inimitable barkeeper Willard. The hotel, which stood on Broadway, between Thames and Cedar streets, has long since disappeared, and there are but few who will recollect its managers.

The next morning the sidewalk in front of the hotel was crowded by curious spectators in hopes of seeing the great man, great both in title and riches, but he did not make his appearance.

The general dinner hour at that period was three o'clock, and at the *table d'hote*, while a large party were engaged in subdued conversation, a vulgar looking hump backed fellow exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, "*Valtair, some pred,*" causing the eyes of the entire audience to be directed to the place whence the voice proceeded which seemed to please the performer, who, after calling for several bottles of expensive wine, entertained the few who remained after dinner with a Dutch song.

Meeting Mr. Jennings soon after in the bar room, I inquired who the blackguard was that had caused the excitement at table? "Hush," he exclaimed, "don't speak so loud —that is the Baron Von Hoffman, a man of high standing among the nobility in Europe, and of unbounded riches!"

In answer, I informed Mr. Jennings, that I had seen a great many titled men in my travels, had had my boots blackened at Copenhagen by a real Baron, who had been reduced to that situation from intemperate habits, and I was satisfied that Baron Von Hoffman, as he called himself, was an imposter; and advised him to send in his bill every Saturday night, and stop farther supplies unless it were promptly paid.

The next move of the Baron was to get up a report that he had entered at the custom house his diamonds and jewels, and paid some hundreds of dollars of duty, thereby not only enchancing his riches in the eyes of the public, but obtaining the name of an honest man by not smuggling them, which might easily have been effected.

The next morning there appeared in front of the hotel a splendid barouche drawn by four horses, and attended by two servants in rich livery. This brought together a large number of spectators, anxiously waiting for the appearance of the party who were to occupy it. Presently appeared the "Baron Von Hoffman," who entered the vehicle, smiled on the assemblage, and started for an excursion into the country, which commenced at Canal street, then a morass, used by the boys in winter as a skating pond.

The Baron at this time became extremely popular among the *elite* of the city. Dinner parties and balls given in his honor were of daily occurrence, and as on these occasions he appeared covered with several European orders, he mightily dazzled the intellects of the young ladies of the first families, and the mayor never gave a dinner or evening party without his being an invited guest. The Baron would occasionally invite a young lady, accompanied by some female relative, to ride with him, and then make love to her, promising one of his houses on Broadway, a dozen of which it was reported he had purchased, in whoever accepted his suit, intimating the honor she would acquire in being called My Lady the Baroness. Similar interviews turned the heads of many of the rising generation, and it was supposed several had accepted his brilliant offers.

What made the Baron very popular among the ladies was a habit of making presents to them of jewelry and various trinkets, borrowing the same on a plea of showing them to a friend, and presenting them to others, thus making one article answer for many; for the first receiver, and every individual thought herself first, was ashamed to acknowledge that the Baron had taken from her the present she had boasted of having received from so great a man. This trick he tried on several gentlemen with the same result.

Another curious account of the time was that every decent looking man by the name of Hoffman, and there were as many as there are heirs of the old Dutch woman, Anneka Jans, claimed relationship to the Baron; to one of them, to the certain knowledge of the writer, he gave a superb musical box, and the next day borrowed it to present to another of the same name.

The Baron continued this mode of life, and, as it was rather expensive, his funds began to run low; consequently he was necessitated to draw upon some of his banks in Europe for a new supply. As soon as this became known, he or had offers from his numerous friends to cash his paper, among them a German named Levi or Moses—I forgot which—and two tailors residing in Wall street, both militia generals.

As our packet at that time sailed only once a fortnight for Liverpool, their trips averaging thirty-five days out and sixty back, it gave the Baron considerable time to benefit by the proceeds of his drafts before their fate could be ascertained.

The eventful day came at last; his bills were all protested, the parties on whom he had drawn declaring that they had never even heard that there was such a man as this Baron Von Hoffman.

After this exposure the carriage, horses and servants were no more seen before the hotel; the German and the two generals, with other creditors, visit the Baron for the payment of their various loans and supplies; and his aristocratical star had evidently set to rise no more.

Soon after there was a report that the Baron had committed suicide at the hotel by shooting himself with a pocket pistol. It seems he had retired for the night, and wishing to create a sensation of sympathy among his numerous admirers, lifted the skin of his breast with his thumb and finger, and fired a shot through it, the wound appearing as having been made by two balls. The hotel was beset with strangers, servants and surgeons, but not a friend or mutual acquaintance among them; and, upon ascertaining that the wound was not mortal, the crowd dispersed.

From that date the Baron became invisible no one knowing how or where he had gone, and the last heard of him was that he was a prisoner in a Dublin jail for swindling.

It proved on investigation that the box lost on the passage from Jersey City was an empty pistol case; the carriage, horses and servants were hired for the occasion; that he was no hostler to some marshal general of high grade in some European army, had deserted and fled to this country, his object being evidently, by the display of his diamonds and orders from various courts, which he no doubt stole from his master, with his showy turn out to dazzle and bewilder the brain of some rich heiress, lead her to the altar, and from it, as the "Baroness Von Hoffman" enjoy the title he had assumed until his villany was discovered, and then live on her fortune.

Meeting Mr. Jennings of the City Hotel a few days after these events, I inquired if he had followed my advice by sending in his bill to the Baron every Saturday night. In reply, he said he had for several weeks, but when he found him to be the lion of the city, the intimate friend of the mayor; that aldermen, respectible citizens and rich merchants were continually calling upon him, he felt ashamed to do so; but concluded by saying that what the Baron had paid covered the first cost of the whole, therefore he had lost nothing.

The reader will naturally inquire what became of the diamonds and jewels entered by the Baron at the custom house, if they were entered.

Among the creditors of the Baron were Generals St. John and Mapes. Both had claims on a casket of jewels, to obtain which a suit was entered, and after a long trial, attended with heavy expenses, the latter obtained a verdict in his favor. At his death they were inherited by his son, the late Professor Mapes, of agricultural celebrity. These he held with great care, locked in a safe in his dwelling at Brooklyn.

About twenty years since a Russian gentleman, a connoisseur in jewels, particularly diamonds, called at my office and requested me to use my influence with the professor to give him an opportunity to examine those of the Baron, which at the zenith of his popularity, had dazzled the eyes of the first families in New York, and being myself anxious to enjoy the sight, I called upon him, he, to the best of my recollection, then keeping a tobacco store on Front street.

The professor said he would be gratified by exhibiting them to the Russian, but he feared in bringing them from Brooklyn the case might fall overboard or be stolen; and if he brought them to his place of business he could not feel that they were secure even if locked in his desk. I suggested that a day and hour might be named, when the Russian and myself would call, examine the treasure, and he could then return and lock them in his safe. To this he acceded.

At the time named we called, anticipating a treat. The professor opened a casket; the Russian gave a look of astonishment at the owner. It contained a necklace, earrings, bracelets and a comb, composed of inferior mock or imitation diamonds, set in silver gilded!

The Russian thanked the professor for his politeness, but candidly informed him that the whole was not worth ten dollars!

"TO ARMS!"

BY CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

"To arms!"
The cry rings out through Europe's startled nations,
Stirring the pulses of a listening world,
Once more come sounds of war's grim preparations,
Of bristling flags unfurled.

"*Vive!*"
Thus o'er the sea they shout with sudden gladness,
A ravening passion burning in their blood;
With reckless laughter born of war's quick madness,
Kindled of one man's mood!

"Good, good!"
Bursts from our land, so late of battles shriven,
So late resounding with hot strife of braves,
Where souls yet ache for treasures grandly given
For regiments of graves!

"Live war!"
Only more sons, once babies of fond mothers,
Called forth to die the death, aye, that is all;
What tho' some thousands slay some thousand others?
Empires must rise and fall.

"To arms!"
What tho' some hearts, too tender, fail to bleeding,
And blood flow round the ever vexed earth,
And some deplore—the pomp of war unheeding—
The nations' ghastly mirth?

To tears!
All yearning souls whose prayers still weary Heaven
That war's wild tempests may forever cease;
For that sweet time when earth shall rest forgiven,
Fair canopied with Peace. —*Chicago Post.*

PRETTY WOMEN.

Life becomes more harmonious, it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment, in the presence of pretty women. After all, a charming little figure, a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its vexations, its dullness, its disappointments. And even in the larger and more placid types of beauty, in the beauty of a Lady Dumbello, if there is a tinge of stupidity, there is at any rate an atmosphere of repose, a genial influence moulding our social converse and habits into gentler shapes. It is amusing to see how the prettiness of woman tells on her dress, how the order and propriety of her dress tell on the home. The pursuit of beauty, the habit of prettiness, give an ideal dignity to the very arrangement of her bonnet strings. In every movement, in the very sweep of her ample folds, in the pose of her languor, in the gay start of her excitement, one feels the softening, harmonizing influence of her last look in the glass. She may be gay or sorrowful, or quiet or energetic, but she may be pretty. Beauty exercises an imperceptible compulsion over her, which moulds her whole life into more graceful and harmonious forms. Her dress rises out of the mere clothing of man into regions of science, of poetry, of art. A thousand considerations of taste, harmonies of color, contrasts, correspondencies, delicate adjustments of light and shade, dictate the choice of a shawl or the tint of a glove. And as prettiness tells on dress, it tells on the home. Flowers, pictures, the gay notes of a sonata, the coziest of couches, gorgeous hues of Indian tapestry, glass work of Murano, a hundred exquisite somethings and nothings, are the natural setting of pretty women. The art of the boudoir tells on all but the chaos of the husband's study. Around that last refuge of barbarism floats an atmosphere of taste and refinement in which the pretty little wife lives and moves and has her being. And from this zone of the home grows the zone of society, the social laws of good humor, of propriety, of self-restraint, of consideration for others, of gentleness, of vivacity. The very hush of the rough tones that have thundered over Peloponnese and Pericles bends over Aspasia, the little turns and delicacies of phrase, the joyous serfdoms and idlenesses of the manliest and most energetic of men, tell of the triumph of pretty women.—*Harpers' Weekly.*

HOW TO GET SLEEP.

This is to many persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain with cold extremities. The pressure of blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let them rise and chafe the body and extremities with a towel or brush, or rub smartly with the hand to promote circulation and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath or a sponge bath, and rubbing, and a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in the castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely spend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

MRS. LIVERMORE QUESTIONED.

In one of our New England towns, a short time since, as Mrs. Livermore was waiting for a train, on the morning after a woman suffrage lecture, a tall woman, angular and spectacled, confronted her boldly: "Are you a married woman?" "Yes." "Husband living?" "Yes." "What does he do?" "Whatever he chooses." "I mean what does he do for a living?" "Whatever he chooses." "Rich?" "He wouldn't say so." "Hem! Any children?" "Yes, two girls, women grown." "Oh! I thought they was a family of little ones, and I thought you'd better be home tending to 'em. You're mighty smart, but I wanted to ask you some questions." "Now," said Mrs. Livermore, "Who are you?" The woman told her. "Are you married?" "Yes," very faintly. "Is your husband dead?" "No; I suppose he is in California; we're divorced." "Oh! and you thought to teach me my domestic duties." There was a pause in the room, and then the woman had not been at all private in her conversation, and the people in hearing seemed quite delighted to see her completely squelched.

INTEREST.

No blister draws sharper than interest does. Of all industries none is comparable to that of interest. It works all day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound in a spider's web. Debts roll a man over and over, binding hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long legged interest devours him. There is but one thing on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which scatters new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of them like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than attempt to be at ease upon interest.—*H. W. Beecher.*

☞ Now I never in my life wanted to wear the garments of the sterner sex. I was always satisfied with the dress which custom had dictated for me before I was born, and bloomers and mongrel apparel of any sort had no fascination for me. But I rather like the independence of motion which the cravated portion of creation enjoys. I like to see them go round corners with their hands in their pockets, arms at right angles, and hats on the backs of their heads. I like to see them wear No. 13 on their feet, without a blush for the size. I like that natural shuffle, instead of the mincing tiptoe steps that petticoats shield. Not to care who is looking at you, wear what you please, and walk to suit yourself, requires more enterprise of spirit than to make a balloon ascension on the Fourth of July.—*A Chicago Girl.*

☞ The lesson of experience: A worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resolutaness that is undaunted by difficulties, and in ordinary circumstances, success.

Domestic Economy.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF EGGS.

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successful applications of this substance soothes pain and effectually excludes the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to collodion or even cotton. Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfulls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of south Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches.

TO CURE A FELON.

To cure this painful thing, or rather to check it or nip it in the bud, the London *Lancet*, high authority, says there is nothing like the following:—"As soon as the pulsation which indicates the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet."

HOW PAT GOT TO BOSTON.

Some years ago an Irishman in the city of Portland, Maine, accosting the captain of a steamer, inquired the fare to Boston, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Good morning, captain. Could you be after tellin' me what's the fare to Boston?"

"Three dollars," answered the polite captain.

"Suppose I went outaide?"

"In that case," said the captain, "you can go for two dollars."

This was undoubtedly more money than Pat had; so he scratched his head a few moments, when a bright thought struck him.

"I say, captain, what would you be after takin' a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"Seventy-five cents," said the captain.

"Thin ye may put me down, captain, for I'm jist the boy that weighs that."

The captain turned to the clerk, saying,—"Put on the freight list one hundred and sixty pounds of live Irishman, and stow him in the hold."

☞ As the boat cannot move rightly when the oars only on one side are plied; or as the fowl, if she uses only one wing, cannot fly up; so religion consisteth not duties to be performed, some to God, and some to man; some for the first table of the law, some for the second; otherwise that religion will never profit that hath one hand wrapped up that should be toward man in all offices of charity, though the other be used toward God in all offices of piety.—*John Spencer.*

☞ Prof. Simpson, when advocating the introduction of his famous anæsthetic, proved himself as ready at a theological repartee as in his famous surgical operations. The Calvinists objected to checking pain in connection with "the visitations of God," as an attempt to contravene the decrees of an allwise Creator. "But," replied Dr. Simpson, "did not God throw Adam into a "deep sleep" when about to extract from his side the rib from which he formed Eve?" The retort stopped reply.

☞ Apropos of the small pox and the French habit of kissing, which is so agreeable under certain circumstances, a learned doctor writes to the papers to prove that this habit has its dangers as well as its pleasures. He says that the contact of lips is sufficient to communicate almost any malady, and highly extols the more sanitary expression of feeling practiced in England, known as "une gracieuse poignee des mains." He winds up by warning his readers that "a kiss may end often in death!"

☞ Napoleon used to say: "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good hard work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, his brains, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head together."

☞ In regard to woman's rights, Rev. Sidney Smith remarked, many years ago, that the dear creatures had the power in their control, for they had only to be all of one mind, and the human race would be wiped away like an old sum in multiplication on a slate.

☞ The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.—*Locke.*

☞ A hint for Mr. Schenck—Swift at one time proposed to put a tax on female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and would be very productive.

☞ In proportion to the depth and comprehensiveness of knowledge that a person possesses on any subject, will be the modesty with which he expresses direct opinions in regard to it.

Anecdotes.

☞ They tell of a young chap who came running up from the dock lately, with his rags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses, and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy about the size of a pepper box, who stood nearly a quarter of a mile down the street: "O, Bill! Bill—get as many boys and shingles as you can, for there's a big hogsit of 'lasses busted on the pavement—busted all to smash!"

☞ A sea captain trading regularly to the coast of Africa was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. He was asked, among numerous questions, touching the habits and religion of the African races, "Do the subjects of the king of Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday?" he replied; "yes, and everything they can lay their hands on."

☞ "Jennie," said a landlady to her help, the other morning, "Jennie, was there any fire in the kitchen last night, while you were sitting up?" "Only just a spark, ma'am," was the reply. The landlady looked suspiciously at Jennie, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing, and humming "Katy Darling."

☞ "Miss," said a gentleman proffering arm and umbrella to a lady in a shower, "permit me to be your beau." "Thank you for your politeness," was the reply, "and as I have plenty of fair weather beaux, I will call you my rain-beau."

☞ A correspondent sends the original of the following notice, which was actually posted up in a Tennessee town: "all Hogs that is found in the Corporate Limits Running at large after the 11 day of July 1870 will be takin up and fine and Cost imposed on the same July 6 1870."

☞ Employer to new clerk: "Well, Sniffles, have you posted the ledger?" New clerk: "Yeth, thir, I've pothed the ledger; but, lor, thir, it wath too big for the letter box, and I had to take it inthide the poth offith."

☞ A child dining out with its mother was asked at dessert by the lady of the house if she would have some rhubarb pie. "No, ma'am," she replied, "I don't think I need it."

☞ O Tommy! that was abominable in you to eat your little sister's share of the cake!" "Why," said Tommy, "didn't you tell me, ma, that I was always to take her part?"

☞ An ungallant Congressman proposes to lay a tax of twenty-five per cent on corsets. Since there is no tax on men getting *tight*, why shouldn't the ladies have the same privilege?

☞ At a spiritual meeting the other evening a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusement was the most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was, "Reading our own obituary notices."

HORSE-POWERS,

FOR ONE OR TWO HORSES.

—AND—

MACHINES FOR SAWING WOOD,

WITH CIRCULAR AND CROSS-CUT DRAG SAWS.

—ALSO—

Machines for Threshing and Cleaning Grain.

PATENTED, MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY

A. W. GRAY & SONS,

MIDDLETOWN, VT.

The recent improvements in these Machines make them much superior to any now in use. The gearing of the Horse Powers being entirely wrought iron and steel, renders them lighter and more durable, and they are so constructed as to develop more power than any others in the market.

From the numerous Testimonials received, the following are selected:

ADAMS' BARN, N. Y.

A. W. GRAY & SONS—It affords me great pleasure to add my testimony with others to the superiority of your Horse Powers over all others now in use. After examining a number of different kinds, manufactured in this State, I came to the conclusion that your one Horse Power and Circular Saw were just the things I wanted. We have moved the Power and Saw two miles after breakfast the last of November, when the days were quite short, sawed twelve cords of *four foot* seasoned beech and maple wood twice in two, and took the machine home the same day. I consider this not an extra, but a common day's work, one that can be done with your one Horse Power and Circular Saw almost any day in the year. The Power is small, takes up about twice the room of an ordinary grindstone, can be set up ready for work in ten minutes, requires but two men to handle it, yet it is sufficiently strong for all purposes. The gearing being made mostly of *wrought* instead of *cast* iron, is much lighter and more durable. I keep the Power during the winter in one corner of my barn floor, using it about one hour each week to cut cornstalks. For this one thing alone I consider it worth all it cost. I would say to all farmers desirous of purchasing, examine A. W. Gray & Sons' Improved Horse Power, which for simplicity of construction, ease with which it is managed, weight, durability, &c., render it, in my judgment, without an equal.

Respectfully yours, L. B. ALLEN.

BURLINGTON, VT.

Messrs. A. W. GRAY & SONS—Gentlemen: After using and thoroughly testing your Horse Power, Thresher and Cleaner, and Circular and Drag Saws, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them the best power and machine manufactured, and we can cheerfully recommend them to the public as being lighter, more durable, and at the same time developing more power than any other horse-power we have seen.

Very truly yours, SHEDD & WALKER.

A. W. CLARK of Whitehall, N. Y., states he threshed and cleaned for Gilbert Hunt of West Haven, Vt., 2240 bushels of oats in five days with A. W. Gray & Sons' two Horse Power, and in two days out of the five he threshed and cleaned 900 bushels, and also that he earned in one threshing season $700, and did not pay out anything for repairs.

LUTHER SMITH of North Argyle, states he threshed and cleaned 900 bushels of oats in three hours; he also states he sawed three cords of wood in twenty-two minutes, with a two Horse Power.

S. W. CAMPBELL of East Greensboro, Vt., states he sawed with a two Horse Power and Drag Saw, in the shortest days last winter, 124 cords of maple wood in 31 days, and he also states that he challenges all Caledonia County to furnish a machine to do as well as he can with Gray's.

AMBY BRAYTON of Hartford, N. Y., states his neighbor, W. H. Stoddard, to his own knowledge, threshed and cleaned, between 3 and 11 o'clock, A. M., 275 bushels of oats, and moved his machine and threshed and cleaned 200 bushels more *before night.*

JOSEPH P. TUCKER of Waitsfield, Vt., states he threshed and cleaned 60 bushels of oats in 40 minutes with a two Horse Machine.

A. N. HAWLEY of Waitsfield, Vt., states he threshed and cleaned 126 bushels of oats in 9 hours, with a very light horse—One Horse Machine.

WARREN SHEPARD, of Crown Point, N. Y., states he made free from all expenses last thre